

PETRARCH's VIEW

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HUMAN LIFE.

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PETRARCH'S VIEW
O F
HUMAN LIFE.

BY MRS. DOBSON.

GO, LITTLE BOOK! TO THE FRIENDS OF HUMANITY, AND TO
THE LOVERS OF PETRARCH, AND LET THEIR HONOURABLE
AND UNITED SUFFRAGE SPREAD THE FAME OF HIS EX-
ALTED KNOWLEDGE, AND IMPRESS THE VIRTUES OF HIS
BENEVOLENT HEART!

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T O

ANDREW STUART, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

IN doing myself the honour of addressing this work to you, I cannot but add to the privilege by remarking the similitude that I have myself witnessed to some parts of the character which it has been and is my delight to make known to the public, in the clear judgment of your writings and discourse, and in that mildness and courtesy of conversation which rendered Petrarch so dear to his friends and so estimable to the world. Intrinsic as the work is in itself, it could not need

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DEDICATION.

an apology, if I was not justly apprehensive that a shade might be drawn over it by the feebleness of my representation; but as those most capable of discerning defects are always the most ready to overlook them, I will join this conviction with the sincerity of my own endeavour, and they shall be my honourable anchor of defence.

I have the honour to be, dear Sir,

With the most perfect respect,

Your obliged and obedient servant,

SUSANNAH DOBSON,

APRIL 5, 1790.

P R E F A C E.

THE celebrity of Petrarch's character has so justly obtained the esteem and admiration of all those who have made researches into his philosophical works, that I cannot but presume these reflections of his on the vicissitudes of human life will meet with approbation. In page 339 of the Life of Petrarch, vol. ii. I gave a short account of this work ; but it was not till many years after that publication I obtained the work itself, which I now offer to the public, in the full conviction that if I have been so

happy to adhere in any degree to the solidity of the reasoning and the true point of the satire, it will not fail to please, instruct, and console the mind of every reader. Among the learned in Italy the prose works of Petrarch were the highest in estimation, and were wrote in the Latin tongue, as was the treatise above mentioned. His great friendship for the noblemen to whom it was addressed, is proved in a most striking manner; for at the time Petrarch composed this piece, he was in the zenith of his fame and glory, instructing and charming all Italy by his works, and united in friendship to the greatest men, not only of that country, but of that age; yet did he retire from these scenes of honour and renown, so flattering to human nature, and employed

PREFACE.

it

ployed himself, it is said, above the space of a year in private study, to charm away the cares and soothe the sorrows of a friend encompassed not only with distress, but imprisoned, reviled, and exiled. It is allowed that no one ever surpassed Petrarch in love, and surely few will prove his competitors, and no one his superior, in humanity. I trust, therefore, this conversation on human life, collected from Petrarch's great storehouse of knowledge and genius, may have the power to dispense the support he designed for his friend to all under trouble, and that as none are secured from the vicissitudes of life, all may be cheered and benefited by this view of them, and may consider themselves in company and conversing with Petrarch himself

himself (an honour which popes and kings aspired to)! and I think they can scarcely fail of doing this, if I have not failed in the representation.

PETRARCH's PREFACE

TO HIS NOBLE FRIEND

AZON DE CORREGE.

DEAR FRIEND,

FORTUNE, or rather our own lightness, tosses us to and fro like a tennis-ball. We are creatures of very short life, of infinite carefulness, and yet ignorant unto what shore to sail with our little ship: but to the industry of a mind courageous as yours, nothing is hard, nothing impregnable. To this end I have thought it convenient, in the way of familiar discourse, wherein arguments shall be produced, and the wit whetted
on

on both sides of the question, to adjoin sundry thoughts, and actions, and missteps of wise men, the chief earthly fountain, as I conceive, of good and fruitful advice; for among the perpetual surges which lift and depress the soul, they may be said to be bright shining stars from the firmament of Truth, sweet and refreshing gales of wind, to direct the flitting sails, and guide our wandering barks, driven about by tempests, to the haven of Peace. I have mingled with these thoughts of others a few matters touching the excellencies of virtues and the power of vices, wherein how I have behaved myself you shall be judge. My intent was, to give thee a short medicine, ready at hand at all times and in all places, and, as it were, an effectual remedy, that might be contained in a portable box. Thy
virtue

virtue hath this property, that all good men love it, and the evil are astonished ; for fortitude shineth most conspicuous in the turmoils of fortune and the darkness of terrible things, and thou mayest cry out with the poet, " O virgin ! there is no new or sudden shew of troubles can arise unto me ; I have thought upon all matters, and forecast them already in my mind." I will now, dear friend hold thee no longer in discourse : but this much was needful, that thou mightest understand my book, and perceive, that as an overgrown preface to a short book is like a great head burthening a little body, so there is nothing well favoured without due measure and proportion of parts. Farewel,

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Journal of Management Studies, 19(1), 67-80.

Y O U T H.

O HOW joyful are the days of youth !
the days of youth are mine. My
years are flourishing ; I shall yet live a
long time ! A vain joy and a short : while
ye be speaking your flower fadeth—My
age is found—Who will call that found,
of which what remaineth is uncertain ?
But there is a certain proposed time and
law of living. Who made that law ?
Not he that received it ; with the giver
it resteth, even with God. But the life
of young men are more assured, in that
they

they are further off from old age, and so from death. Thou art deceived: that is the most dangerous part of life which much carelessness maketh unadvised; there is nothing nearer than death to life, even when they seem the furthest asunder. Well, at the least wise, Youth is now present, and Age absent. In darkness and silence creepeth Age softly in, and standeth at the door, striking unawares. But mine age is now rising. To those that enter, years seem infinite; to those who depart, nothing. Mine age is nothing, spent. How is that unspent which wasteth every moment? The Heavens turn about with perpetual motion; minutes consume hours, and hours the day; that day thrusteth forth another, so time fleeth away; but, as Virgil says, never seemeth to wag her swift wings. As those

those that go in ships come to their voyage end before they be aware, so within the space of this short life, nothing is far off. But there is no part further from the end than the beginning! None indeed, if all men lived like space of time; but even little children end when scarcely begun. I am far past their danger. Time is the chariot of all ages to carry men away, and beauty cannot bribe this charioteer. If it could, he would have no power over me; for my beauty is singular. It will prove singular indeed, if the frost does not nip it, or the wind beat it down, if it is not pinched with the nail of some enemy's hand, or demolished by the rough heel of some sickness passing by: neither doth the delight it bringeth equal the horror that oft ensues at its departure,

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as

as the beautiful Roman Prince Domitian proved; for he whose form was most admirable, and who vied in height with the lofty cedar, and did at first give great promise of modesty, temperance, and sweetness; he who published some good laws, embellished Rome with stately edifices, re-established the libraries that were consumed, and was successful against the northern nations, yet became such a monster of cruelty and debauchery, and signalized himself, so to speak, in barbarity, that he was killed by the freed man of his wife Domitia. From this example let the most promising youth beware of the pride of beauty; let him direct his course safe and straight through virtue; for short is the process of youth, and in it is to be learnt the art of so holding transitory delights as to depart from them
wil-

willingly, which cannot continue with you long, and to forsake them in heart before they forsake you in reality. But suppose the contrary, that beauty doth remain, what is this glittering beauty? It is only the uppermost part of the mere body, a simple and slight overcasting of the skin. A veil for the eyes, a snare for the feet, a depression of the mind, its hindrance from achieving honest exploits, and turning it to the contrary. Yet is this beauty of the body most sweet and wonderful! Thou dost say well; the vanity of it is astonishing! what travels does it sustain, what comforts forego, what punishments suffer, what health, what time is lost, what worthy and profitable labours are neglected for this vain beauty; to set it forth what pinching of the feet, twist-

ing of the curls, gorging at one season, for having been obliged to fast, in order to get time for trimming and decking at another, and tricking out the body with the nicer care; an enemy at home, ever corroding thy mind, provoking it to unmanly trifles or unlawful passions, and consequently to suspicion, hatred, and jealousy. As to jealousy in wedlock, beauty is the firebrand that doth light it into flames; so that it doth plainly appear, that while nothing is coveted more forcibly, nothing is suspected more vehemently. I will endeavour that my beauty shall be adorned with honesty; if thou dost bring that about, then shalt thou be indeed renowned; if thou dost use this ensnaring beauty to the advancement of thy modesty, thy sobriety, and thy chastity, thy virtue shall be acceptable

able to all men; nay, by this thou shalt merit, and by this alone thou canst merit a true and worthy affection, that refiner of the mind — that stay of the heart of youth.—Glad is this sentence to my ears; for I love with fondness, and I have met with a most faithful return in a wife:—thou art a notable fowler, thou hast found a white crow—the choice of a wife is hard; a fair one is hardly kept, and an honest one, if rich, is likely to bring pride into thy house. Is not an honest marriage honourable? A chaste marriage is alone honourable; but remember those who marry have gained guests, not for a day, but for life; great are its cares, art thou prepared for them?—I am delighted with my wife! Hast thou ever looked into families, and observed the infinite disputes, poor jealousies, and endless toils therein; the noise of chil-

dren, the babble of servants, the jests and clamour of nurses? Ardent love is my choice, and love can bear all difficulties. Thou hast well said ardent; love is a fire at first; but the fire is apt to go out, and chilly wearisomeness to come in: if thou thinkest there be any trust in love, bring forth the bill of thy lover's hand, which was written in the brittle ice whereunto the southern winds do bear witness. Let them hate that list; I will love. Two extremes are at an equal distance from virtue, cold hatred, and burning love! What, shall I not love with arduor, if I meet with that which is lovely? Some men have loved God, who alone is worthy of adoration, so fervently, as freely to lose their lives: others have not looked so high; but have done the same for virtue and for
their

country. I was never in Heaven, nor have I seen virtue: I love the things that can be seen. Then thou opposeth the commandment love not the things that are seen! Why wilt thou turn all the pleasures of youth to slander: far be that from me, I only tell thee among what rocks thou dost drive thy slender boat. I would have thee engage in wedlock, not for the love of beauty, but for the love and protection of merit: for a companion, to help thee through thy cares, and worthily and holily to breed up thy children, that they may not, like unpruned trees, bear thee no fruits of gratitude and love in youth, after having wearied out thy patience in childhood, above all if beautiful: if females, the danger will be excessive: many sailors do pass every day on the calm sea—merchants do travel safe

through the desarts with their merchandises, neither pirates assault the one, nor thieves the other; but what woman with beauty hath not been essayed, the scaling ladder of sugared words are with secret deceit set against them; and if these fail, horrible intents are often formed. Is there, think you, but one Jason, one Theseus, one Paris? yea there be a thousand. Say thou dost marry thy daughter, thou dost only translate thy fear to another, or if thy son bringeth a wife home to thy domestic castle, her expence and folly may be the bane of thee and thine. What must I love no one then but live in fear continually? Certainly thou must love both parents, wives, and children; but you must love these and all, in him, in whom all live and are brethren, with wisdom and sub-

submission ; that neither the innumerable chances that happen to each, nor the death of children, nor the alteration of their conduct towards thee, if they live, shall compel thee to anger or despair, for it is folly to conceive great joy of things so uncertain, so unproved. Hector was idolized by Priam, Achilles proved him to be mortal. But to some, children have proved comforts and the support of life ; they are then most precious jewels in the sight of all men, and even some brought into a house have proved so : Augustus Cæsar found this treasure in Marcus Agrippa, and Antoninus Pius in Marcus Aurelius, to whom they married their daughters : the latter for twenty-three years so demeaned himself, that he deserved the succession to his empire : these are the rewards of a
safe

safe and quiet modesty, and children who possess it do honour to their friends whether they send them out or keep them at home.

I have a dear prattling and flattering infant! O take heed that those flatterings turn not into tears; the sight and prattle of a young child is very pleasant, and as says Popinius, their heavenly looks, and interrupted words, after the manner of verses or metre whilst heard do delight, but when heard no more do grieve intensely; bitterness is wisely set against sweetness, to guard thee; I am delighted in my most pleasant infant! I forbid thee not to be delighted, I may not withstand nature, but I seek for a medium. I would have thee rejoice more sparingly

sparingly, that if thou have occasion to grieve, thou mayst grieve patiently; and I wish thee to foresee, that thou dost trust to a broken reed, or lean to a falling wall, which said the Emperor Adrian, who had adopted Ochus, a fair but weak child. The destinies saith he shall shew him to the earth in his bud: also reflect, that thy pleasant child may become a very unpleasant and disobedient young man; for a multitude of children, sweet to behold, have so proved themselves; I yet must rejoice in my child, there is no husbandman so foolish who will rejoice much in the flower, the fruit is to be looked for; in the mean time tempests, hail, and blastings are to be feared, and so thy joy must be moderated with dread. If thy son is valiant have a coffin in readiness, if thy daughter is beauteous, however honest,

honest, think of Lucretia, for the wickedness of the reprobate abuseth the ornaments of the virtuous. If thy son is a valiant man, he may purchase to his country liberty to his enemy's slaughter, to himself honour, and to thee daily fears and tears: how did Creon bewail in his son that was slain his courageous desire of martial praise—whereof did fearful Priam admonish his son Hector that he should not venture alone to expect Achilles—and his careful mother, but to shun that dread champion; the wife of Hector spoke in this beautiful wise: Doth thy valour so bewitch thee, that thou takest compassion neither upon thy son nor upon me his mother who shall shortly be thy widow! And the mother of the brave Achilles; —Now must I seek for my son Achilles
by

by land and by sea, and I would he would follow me, whilst in vain she took him, being feeble, out of the press of the hot wars, and carrying him into the palace of the calm old man hid him in his secret closet. All these lamentations and fears were for those sweet in childhood but unquiet in youth: fortitude is noble and magnanimity deserves praise, but pain is procured by the one and trouble by the other, while modesty and calmness are safe and quiet; and the parents of much good. I have all things necessary for the settlement of a family; my house is magnificent, and my wife has enriched me with a great dowry. Peradventure with a great tyranny also: for beauty and dowry are the two steeples of women's pride. My wife has made me very; rich and has she not taken away thy liberty, for
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where riches come in, liberty oft goeth out. Lycurgus knowing this, made a law that maidens should be married without a dowry; adding a good reason, look to the wife not the money. A dowry is the wife's license, and the husband's bridle: would not the wife be many times shut out think ye, if, without her the dowry could be kept—in? With those who basely seek a virgin from covetousness, not love, she surely would. The true dowry of women is modesty, truth, and chastity, and a poor one with these is a treasure, a rich one without them a vain and strutting peacock.

The emperor Antonius Aurelius, when exhorted to put away his wife for her incontinence, answered, if I put her away I must restore her dowry, which

which was the empire: thus was the mind of this great man and wise philosopher, for he lost not the name although an Emperor, cruelly bridled with the dowry of his wife. Dowries were devised at first to support charges, not to provoke covetousness; it skilleth not how great the dowry, but what manner of Woman the wife is, and even in the dowry not so much the quantity as the quality is to be considered, from whence it came, and by what means it was gotten. A great dowry got by ill means is a horrible attainment, witness the Heliopolitan and Punic customs, where marriages were not made by the religion of their country, but the dowries gained by the incontinence of their women, such riches will never cure the sickness that shall afflict the mind.

mind. Julius Cæsar after conquering France, Germany, Britain, and Spain, Armenia, Italy, Theſſaly, and Egypt, was conquered at Alexandria by the ſplendid lures of Cleopatra. Hannibal that great conqueror humbled himſelf to a harlot—not to ſpeak of thoſe old tales of heroes raiſed to gods, as Jupiter transformed to a beaſt caught in a ridiculous net — Hercules ſpinning upon the diſtaff—Leander ſtriving with the ſurges of the ſea — Biblis killed by his tears — Procry by her huſband's dart—Pyromus by his own weapon — and Hyphis by the halter. — More certain than theſe fables are the Grecian captains fighting for evil affections and Troy burning with avenging fire. — But theſe were not married for a dowry; no truly, but evil paſſions are ſimilar in
their

their nature; and also though under different appearances in their effects; for what waste, riot, noise, and intemperance, cometh not in with a great dowry, and therefore I pointed thee out as belonging to these; for a woman married only for her dowry is not a legal wife: thou dost understand me. — My wife is as good as she is rich, she will then join with thee not in spending her riches in evil, but in applying them to virtue; in feeding the poor, cloathing the naked, raising the humble, strengthening the weak, and causing thy children to bless and not to curse thee, as they surely will, if thou bringest them up in pride and extravagance. My wife is good: if by good thou dost mean that she is humble and faithful; thou mayest indeed rejoice; a chaste and humble

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woman,

woman, with a great dowry, is in truth a Phœnix, nor do I say it of women only, youth, bred up to expect riches, are flattered, not nurtured, trifled with, not taught; all stoop to them, and they lord it over all: but in a woman it works the greater ill, as the more quiet life breeds the more idleness, and the less knowledge the greater pride. Let not therefore thy spacious house and thy fine furniture lift them up to pride, as it hath done thee, for it is the praise of the artificer and the workmen, not thine.

I dwell in a wide house; where thieves may be hid, where thou mayst wander, and where thy servants may riot. To the happy life it skilleth not how wide, but how merrily thou livest: I dwell in a high and princely house. Doth Death
require

require a ladder to climb up to the top of it? Tullius Hostilius was struck with lightning from heaven in his court; and Tarquin the Superb, was driven from thence out of his kingdom. My dwelling is mine own forever.—Of whom hast thou received the deed? at best thou art but a renter, and one may come who will thrust thee out naked, then shalt thou exchange thy gorgeous palace for a dark and narrow mansion—I enjoy it now, and have plenty of furniture and fine things in my spacious house: A great burthen, if you ever wish to change place or remove for a season, and while in it a continual war, not only with thieves, but with mice and moths, spiders also, and rust, smoke, and dust and rain. My furniture is so fine it is envied at—
There is nothing more hungry than Envy,

nothing more miserable than covetousness: greediness is provoked by seeking many things, and when obtained they have no longer relish; admit thou have them still; what care to look to, to number, to fold, to beat, to brush, to diplease as well as to please thine eyes. I delight in my pictures. Among the Grecians, Pliny tells us, the art of painting was esteemed above all handy-crafts, and the chief of all the liberal arts; and the proof of this is the mad prices, wherewith these have been bought and placed at Rome, either in the bedchambers of the Emperors, or in public porches or galleries, or in the temples of the Gods!

If these things that are counterfeited and shadowed with fading colours do
so

so much delight thee, cast thine eyes up to him that hath made the originals; who adorned man's face with senses, his mind with understanding, the heaven with stars, and the earth with flowers, and so compare real and visionary beauties. I take great pleasure also in images; they are solid, these come in shew more near unto nature than pictures, for they do but appear, but these are felt to be substantial, and their bodies are more durable: but both the arts spring from one fountain: the art of drawing, Appelles, Pyrgoteles and Lyfippus, flourished at the same time. Alexander of Macedon, chose these three, the one to paint him; the other to engrave him; and the third to carve him: forbidding all others to meddle with, or express the king's face any manner of way. How

great the dignity hath been of statues, and how fervently the study and desire of men have reposed in such pleasures, Augustus and Vespasian, emperors and kings and other noble personages; nay, even persons of inferior degree, have shewn, in their industrious keeping of them when obtained, and the dedication they have made of them. Hereunto may be added the great fame of the workmen, not rashly spread abroad by the unjudging multitude, but celebrated in the Sounding books of learned and approved writers. I do conceive wondrous pleasure in statues and images—one of these arts worketh with wax, plaster of Paris, and cleaving clay, which in this I take to be more friendly to virtue, and comes nearer to nature, in that it is least enemy to modesty

defty and thriftinefs, which two virtues do more allow images to be made of earth and fuch like matter, than of gold and precious ftones : but this would not fuit with a covetous defire of what is fine, which the valuation of things now requireth, and which expendeth on fuch things, that which belongeth to want. Haft thou not heard of the image of a king of Affyria made of gold, threefcore cubits long, which it was death not to adore ; and how many of this day would adore it to have it their own ! or the topaz of four cubits long, of which a queen of Egypt's image was made. Oh, the delight of images thus cunningly wrought ! — I fuppofe thou wouldeft not much enquire after the workman, if thou hadft the pebble of which it is made, to fpeak

the truth. Images were formerly tokens of virtues erected in honour of such as had done worthy deeds, or died for their country's weal; as those set up in memory of the Ambassadors slain by the Vetii, and for Scipio Africanus the deliverer of Italy, which his most valiant courage, and his worthy modesty would not receive living; but which, after his death, he could not refuse. It is from the anvil, the hammer, the tongs, the coal, the handy-labour, but above all, the invention, these things are wrought: they employ great time and manifold anxiety; and are therefore only to be loved as they prove the excellent wit of the maker, and as they preserve the memory of virtuous deeds; but they are not to be loved above reason, or above prudence, or above duty.

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In this last sense the apostle commands, keep yourselves from Images, for many have rebelled against their faith and their religion by adoring them instead of the Creator, to whom in all your contemplations you should rise as alone adorable!

At least I may be ravished with the beauty of Corinthian vessels. When Mummius had taken the city of Corinth, and after the spoil consumed it with fire, all manner of images of gold, and silver, and brass, whatsoever by chance had escaped the hands of the conquerors, whereof that city in old time was full, were with like fire molten together: all kinds of metals run as it were flowing into one channel; and from thence arose one noble metal of which was made these precious vessels: thus
from

from the destruction of that city, matter was prepared for the madness that should follow, and from Damascus now cometh vessels which will soon bring on a new ravishment to your eyes. But see the evil of such delights; Augustus the emperor, though a modest and grave prince, was so driven headlong with this passion, that he was thought to have condemned certain in the criminal prosecution only because he desired their fine vessels; and a libel was fastened upon the statue of this prince, wherein, to his perpetual ignominy, he was termed a Corinthiarion, the greatness of the offender from Example and observation, increaseth the evil of the offence: the prating multitude fear kings in presence, but they hiss in dens, bark in darkness, and send forth doubtful voices

to

to the clouds. If this vice could happen to so great a man as Augustus, what may not private men be accused of, who ought to abandon all superfluity, and those who nourish it. Corinth is revenged! she burns them with her flames, and razes the walls of their minds with the spoils she once boasted; that thou mayst cure this sickness of thy mind and not have it broken down thereby; instead of the care of unprofitable vessels; take one more wholesome upon thee, know as it is written, how to possess thy own vessel in justice and holiness, which the passion and desire of having will incessantly counteract.

I must yet own, that precious stones delight me!—I grieve they do, for how uncertain their value are, may be
seen

seen in what chanced of late; a Gentleman of greater fortune than wisdom, bought a little stone, said to be a carbuncle, for ten thousand crowns.— Its uncommon brightness and beauty brought in suspicion the truth of it, on which he shewed it to a lapidary, who said, indeed, it was no true stone, but glass, devised with wonderful art: thus it proved that glass was more beautiful than any stone. Let this be an example to those who cast away their money on such things; for some there have been, who have carried their love of what is rare, both in statues, stones, and pictures, to madness.

Nonius was a senator of Rome, a very rich gentleman, he had a precious stone esteemed at twenty thousand

sand crowns; its name was Opalus, it groweth in India, glittering with variety of all colours: now, Antonius the Triumvir, desiring this jewel, to whom whatever was coveted was lawful, published the name of Nonius among those he proscribed. Nonius departed, but he took his jewel with him; caring neither for banishment, nor the loss of his country, nor beggary, nor if need be, to die, so he could but clasp his dear Opal to his heart. Nature made not these passions, and even opinion changeth them: some giving the prize to one, and some to another; diamonds in old times were wont to be the gems of kings alone, and that not of all, but the chief only, now it is set on the fingers of common people: the Arabian pearl is held next in estimation, and after these the emerald.—

Pompey,

Pompey, who conquered the West, returned from the East another man; adorned, not with humility as before, but with exquisite pearls, and on the shoulders of one man was laid the spoil of the East; which, with the insulting of the conquered people, was no small rebuke. Nor did any thing more tarnish Pompey's glory or impair his fame, than yielding to such vain delights: not the loss of life but this vanity was his fall. In truth no captains have governed themselves uprightly among the pleasures of Asia, which have vanquished them in their own soil.

In the judgment of king Pyrrhus, who made war against the Romans, the agate was esteemed of all stones the most precious; he possessed one as report goeth, in
which

which was represented the shapes of sundry things; as beasts, rivers, forests, and birds, formed by the hand of nature. But what good, I pray thee, did this agate do to Pyrrhus? did it make him invincible in battle, or deliver him from the stone with which he was afterwards crushed to death? Fabricius and Curius, I dare affirm, by whom he was driven out of Italy, would not have made exchange of their rough iron helmets, for his glittering sword beset with gold and precious stones, or for his kingly ring, his precious agate! It is also recorded of king Polycrates, that he had a beautiful sardonix, counted in his time the jewel of jewels; and wishing to appease fortune, whom having never felt, he feared; he took his ring, launched forth into the deep, and with his own hand
threw

threw it into the sea ; but Fortune being neither easily deceived, nor easily pleased, sent a fish as it were on a message for the ring, which receiving into his mouth, and being soon after taken by the fishermen, was by chance served to the king's table, when, to the astonishment of the beholders, and his dismay, the ring appeared in its stomach !. It is said that Augustus Cæsar hearing of this ring, paid the rare price demanded for it, caused it to be set in a crown of gold, and dedicated it in the temple of Concord. O how I should have been charmed with that ring ! yet Pythagoras, without it, died in peace, was worshipped for his goodness, and his house esteemed holy ; while Polycrates was put to death by Orontes, governor of Sardis. And of
late

late days, king John of France, wore a carbuncle as little useful to him, as the sardonix of Polycrates! But these stones have real beauty: I deny it not; it were to deny the maker, I only say they avail not to felicity, nor detract from misery: But gold and precious stones are delightful to drink out of; They are excellent for poisoning, and for gathering dirt, that shall impair the health. Well, then, I may surely use cups of crystal? Ye that bespangle your very floors with gold, like the altars of churches, and would repine at the beauty of heaven if it glittered more sensibly in your eyes than your gems, may well covet this frozen ice dug out of the hard cliffs and rocks of the Alps, at the hazard of life, by hanging down

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from them by a rope. A certain Emperor envying that any should drink out of his rare crystal vessels, too enchanting he thought, for any lips but his own, dashed them against each other, and thus wreaked his fury on his most beloved cups. Amber cups were the pride of our ancestors; to have pots, kettles, basons, and dishes, and even common utensils of gold are yours! do the radiant carbuncle, the green emerald, the bright sapphire, the white pearl, the yellow amber, the clear crystal, so much allure thee? and neither the brightness of the sun and the stars, the greenness of the grass and trees, nor the lucid and pure air of the clear morning sky move thy mind to that great Creator who made all these, and the hands that should cunningly work, and
the

the eyes that should delightedly behold him in his works, and who cloaths both them and thee! I am indeed bravely appeared, Thou mayst, perhaps, be ashamed of thy outward trimness, if thou lookest within, and beholdeth what a banner of pride thou hangest out. I will not set against thee godly poor souls, half naked, and stiff with cold, and scarce able to keep off the winter's bitterness with their simple mantle of rug: I know too well, that sinful wealth disdaineth holy poverty: yet Augustus, a great man, and a great example in many things, as I have told thee, though not without blame, he used to wear none other garments but such as were spun and wrought by his wife, his sister, his daughter and nieces: for it is written of him, thus he who was Lord of all,

wearied a few women but they were
near of kin, whilst thou, a subject, per-
haps a servant, dost weary nations that are
a great way off. For thee the Flemings
spin, card, and weave; for thee the Per-
sians, the Indians, do toil; for thee the
Tyrian Murrey swimmeth; for thee the
soft grain hangeth on the shrubs; for
thee the fleecy sheep of Britain browse
on their white cliffs; both oceans sweat
for thy sake: — for Augustus only his
family labour. My garments are, in-
deed, exquisite: Costly apparel, both
by suspicion of diligent trimming, and
setting forth the beauty, oft diminisheth
the grace, and by the brightness be-
wrayeth every blemish of the wearer,
and that which is done to win fame pro-
voketh envy, and not seldom, laughter.
I am decked forth in most choice colours;

the

the colours of nature cannot be surpassed by art, who disdaining the competition, to which she is provoked, by the greater force she is pressed and covered, so much the more she riseth up and sheweth herself. As for the natural deformities of any mortal body, they can neither be altered with colour nor covered with odours, but are by them made more evident to be seen, or more doubtful to be suspected.

I am carried away with the love of precious and valuable attire: lay a dead carcase in a coffin of gold, and set it round about with pearls and cloth of gold; the more thou trimmest it, the more horrible it is; and that thou mayst not be offended at what I say, let us seek out the original, of the word Carcase,

it cometh of the verb *cado*, which signifieth to fall; if so, why may not the body of a living man be also so called, as well as of a dead; for the one is already fallen, the other shall fall, and is falling continually. My apparel is made after the newest fashion; I have not time nor place to lament the counterfeiting mockery of outlandish attire which this present frantic age hath brought in amongst you; with braided and frizzled hair, with hard and uncivil manners, bewraying the emptiness of the head, by the impudence of the demeanor, and the lightness of the mind, by the wavering of the feathers on the top, whether the vigilance of the devisers, or the aptness of the scholars, do enforce such folly, it comes to pass, that between buffoons and dukes,

dukes, honest women and harlots, there is in sight almost no difference at all.

Thou wilt surely allow a great train is respectable. I will say, thou art delighted with thy own impediments to ease many servants are many enemies, from whom thou canst not escape; who behold the secrets of thy house, and betray the discourses of thy table; who, while they are cloathed and fed by thee, if they do not thieve, as is like, yet cause discord and strife, and many domestic evils, of which thou must either be a shameful beholder, or a painful appeaser. With many servants there is much noise and little service, or none, or even work, and damage made by their carelessness; they stand in one another's way; and when called refuse to answer: they have

wide stomachs and slippery throats ;
whatsoever they hear runneth through
them as a sieve—to govern a few ser-
vants is hard, but to controul many im-
possible ; a quantity of evil is worse
then a small portion — nothing more
lowly than servants on their entrance,
nothing more assuming on their conti-
nuance, nothing more insolent at their
departure ; they will rail even when thou
art paying them, and greedily watch to
take some memento of thy folly along
with them ; something that is not their
own. What hast thou done, wretch !
that thou shouldst need so many keepers
to watch and to ruin thee ! Better had
it been for thee thou hadst been poor,
then wouldst thou have been delivered
from a remediless evil. But are there no
servants true and faithful ? and is not the
igno-

ignorance of others a great excuse: it certainly is; and the ill examples of their masters a greater. Some there are, no doubt, found worthy of trust, and when these jewels are met with, they are of far more value than the agate of Pyrrhus, or the fardonix of Polycates; in a large train there is little hope of such. But how is a sumptuous table to be kept without much attendance? A sumptuous table may appear to thee a great matter, and as far as hospitality is concerned, the plenty but not the grandeur of it is desirable; this is better shewn by a few good dishes than by a multitude, and a few well managed servants, than an idle gaping train, and thy guests will feel more at their ease at this hospitable board. I keep a most plentiful table: this seemeth to thee a great matter; but

but indeed it is little, and soon will be nothing. Will the worms therefore spare thee more than the hard husbandman? or rather, will they not feed on thy softer meat the more greedily? I do neither jest with, nor mean to terrify thee; well thou knowest, although thou do dissemble it, that thou art food preparing for that banquet. Perhaps it is now near supper time, or at least not far off; for the day is short, the guests be hungry, and death, which layeth the table, is ready.—Oh! evil begun in childhood, wherein neglecting the study of good arts, for exquisite fare and delicate foreign drinks, thou art grown up to a worthy expectation, to know their tastes and smells, to reverence the glittering course. When so many holy fathers have hungered in the wilderness,
and

and so many famous captains have lived sparingly, thou art beset with thy dainty dishes, and gems to ornament them. I do, indeed, fare most delicately! Thou surpassest then Augustus Cæsar; he dieted on simple cheese and a few small fishes; Curius Fabricius eat out of earthen vessels, on herbs gathered with his own hands; and Cato the Censor drank none other wine than his soldiers did. My wines are most choice. Augustus used seldom to drink wine, not above thrice at supper; but now ye quaff before meat, and at meat, and your caroufes, cannot be numbered. He, when he was athirst, eat bread dipped in cold water, or a moist apple, or a cucumber; but ye inflame your thirst, instead of quenching it, nor remember that ye drink the blood of the earth, and the
poison

poison of hemlock, as did Alexander, who slew his friends and perished himself in wine: thus are souls and the bodies, made to serve them, destroyed together. Among all the pleasures which creep from the body to the soul, they are accounted most vile which are accomplished by feeding, forasmuch as these senses are common to us with beasts, and crook down the reasonable creature; also loathsomeness is next neighbour to fullness, diseases follow, and death hastens to the mansion of gluttons. Feasts are a pompous frenzy, they call together a great many rich folks, who had better have been empty; if thou please one man, thou shalt be sure to displease the many. Good fare, well bestowed, appertains to pleasure; but a multitude assembled will ever disagree:
this

this dish had an ill taste, that an ill smell; the other should have been set down first; this comes cold to the table, that was out of season; that meat was raw, the other parched up; this waiter was too slow, that too quick; that fellow there is deaf, how stupid the other. With such like complaints the halls and tables resound. To what purpose all this cost and labour? I imagine that if one of the guests the next day stood in need of so much as the dish of meat he eat of was worth, he should never be able to obtain it at the master's hand. I love sociable meals; such only can be justly loved and coveted; the modesty of a man's look will shew his moderation in diet; the puffing, blowing, irksomeness, and quarrelsome temper of others, their luxury, and, as one
may

may truly say, disposition to be surfeited; the horse will kick those who overload him; he is not to be trusted with too great a charge. At feasts some are loud, others stupid; the wine, say others, was small, not genuine. To what end such a parade of banquets, but to create discontent; to what purpose thy trumpets and thy shalms sounding together to proclaim thy pomp and thy pride. — In truth the feast is made not for the good of the guests, but for to feed the vanity of the giver; not to benefit friends, but to gain flatterers; not to succour the needy or entertain worthy and impoverished guests, for such are seldom or never invited; feasts where to blazen out the tables, and press in as many of those who shall shine at them as possible, is the eager rage of the invitor.

tor. To say how crouded was their sumptuous board, how delicately apparalled their guests. To a learned or a good man, what a folly does this seem: to him to think is to live: to him the conference of a few valued friends, not the banquets of the rich is a feast indeed! Julius Cæsar was singularly abstemious in diet, and he had so clear a head and so sound a judgment, that he could dictate and write at the same time. Epicurus, though since prophaned, commended a spare diet as the foundation of philosophy, and what we ascribe to sobriety and modesty, he called pleasure, and truly so; for there is no lasting pleasure beyond the bounds of temperance, and multitudes have perished from forsaking her wholesome laws. It is observed of the Persians, that the rigour and austere
living

living in which they were bred, caused them to prove so fierce in war, and so fearless of death.

It is pleasant for friends to share the goods of life; but ye call banquetings friendship, a thing quite foreign to harmony: I seek glory by feasts; Alexander fought this glory; and Lucius, who lost his empire: but what prince that is wise or king that is sober, doth the like; shew them to me. By feasts I gain favour among the common people; fine price for vile ware, to become a cook, to please other men's stomachs, who will magnify thee while thou givest, but when thou withholdest, they will cease to exalt thee, nay, deform thee, as covetous, wretched, and miserable, and if poor, they will say truly, there is no harm

harm in the man, saving that he is a fool; and they will shun thee and thy house as a rock; then shalt thou prove the saying of Horace, when the lees wax dry in the cask: the friends depart; these dry scoffers with their babling and tittle tattle, forsake in time, for there, is no place for upright men or sound judgment; follow not a name thus prophaned by evil means, which is infamy, but obtain for thyself friends who will follow thee in adversity, and who do most diligently frequent those houses which fortune hath forsaken. I abound in friends: It is strange that thou only shouldst abound and have such plenty of that thing whereof all other men have such scarcity: whoso finds one good friend in a long life, is accounted a very

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diligent

diligent traveller in such matters.—I am fortunate in friendship; thou canst not know that, unless thou be unfortunate in other things. My friendships are assured — then thy adversity is assured also.—Thou mayst think thy friendships assured, thou mayst joy with one and grieve with another; or if debates happen among them, break thy faith with either or with all: But thou speakest of acquaintance not friends, and to have a multitude of meer acquaintance, is unworthy a mind capable of employment: One approved friend is a precious jewel, but common friends bury themselves in worldly matters, and will not know thee but in prosperity; for, led by vile interest, and envious opinions, they neglect so dear, so precious a commodity. — If thou hast so divine a thing as a friend,

be

be diligent to preserve such a treasure ; love thyself if thou wilt be beloved, and never shrink from such a jewel : But some are so discourteous they cannot love ! their cankered minds when much made of, do the more disdain ; and the better they are dealt with the more dogged they are. Nothing is so hard to be known as the heart of man, it is in many cases an impenetrable as well as an ungrateful soil : Plenty will come to plenty, but in need, the friend is des-cried ; search therefore the depth of the mind ; a good mind is a most excellent thing, it is gentle and loving, sincere and candid, if such did inhabit the world it would be holy, quiet, and virtuous : if thou hast one such, it will be scarcely found in thy household, for a friend is oft nearer than a brother. Thou

mayest feast the birds of thy woods and the fishes of thy rivers with joy, and they will repay thee with the responsive gratitude of their sweet notes, and bring more melody to thy heart than the transports of feigned friends and the noise of many guests. I shut up my birds in cages to entertain me within my walls: Why dost thou deprive them of that spacious and wide country Providence has given them to range in; why of that sweet liberty so dear to every living thing, and thus dull their notes by sinking their spirits, and causing them to pine and flutter continually for want of room and air.

Gluttony hath found out hunting, hawking, and fishing; it seemeth to me that to leave the wild beasts to the woods,

woods, the places formed for them, unless they roam out and invade thee, the fishes to the sea, and the fowls to the air, were better than to bestow so much trouble on them; which labour, if employed to catch virtues, ye might then plant them in the closets of your minds, and they would not fly away, nor could they be purloined from thence. I have filled a large cage with birds: above a thousand years ago Lelius, surnamed Strabo, not Lelius the Wise, who had lost his name had he been the deviser, contrived these wooden houses for birds. I have speaking crows: so had Augustus Cæsar, to celebrate his triumph, for which he gave large sums; but when more such were presented to him, he answered, he had enough of these fluters at home already. One of these

crows was so docile that he used to fly abroad into the open street and salute Tiberius Cæsar. Drusus and Germanicus, by name, and the people of Rome, which wrought such love in them all, that when a neighbour, moved either with envy or anger for the disturbance, killed him, the killer was driven away and slain, and the crow with diligent exequies and solemn funeral was buried: while in the same city neither Africanus the Great, had a sepulchre; nor Africanus the Less a revenger. Thus the salutation of crows was more esteemed than the deeds, the virtues, and the benefits, of valiant men. I have a most eloquent pye: it has been said of this bird, that if she forget the word she is taught, she is much vexed and grieved, which she sheweth by musing mournfully;

fully ; and if she chance to recal it again,
 then becometh she wondrous merry ;
 which if she can no ways do, she dieth
 for sorrow ; the poet Homer's death,
 if this be so, is the less strange ; but
 all pyes are not of such aptness :—
 as to singing birds, their notes are far
 pleasanter and only perfect on their own
 boughs ; they muse oft like the pye in
 your prisons, for the loss of air and li-
 berty, two things most sweet to all be-
 ings, whether on the earth or in the
 air : but ye, tyrants like, discomfit all
 nature, and never rejoice so much as in
 forbidden pleasures.

I have a fair parrot: this bird, above
 all, is famous for his golden chain: the
 Phoenix alone besides hath this emblem

72 NIGHTINGALE AND THRUSH.

of nature, who hath seemed to image in him a flatterer, as saith the distich, I parrot will learn other men's names of you, but I have learned this of myself, to say, hail Cæsar! and I prattling parrot do call thee master, with so perfect a voice that if thou looked not on me thou wouldst deny that I was a bird. Among my birds I have also a most pleasant finging nightingale: — Pliny the Second reporteth, that there were nightingales and starlings found, that are to be taught different tongues, and that in his time there was a thrush in Rome, that did imitate the voice of man; nor is this incredible, for we know that parrots, besides doing this, will laugh in such sort, as to cause all the standers by to join in the same exercise. But among all the birds hast thou

thou the Phœnix of whom I mentioned the report; whether there be such a bird or not, I think thou dost lack this among thy rare collection: it is written, that on the four hundredth year after the building of the city, this bird flew out of Arabia into Egypt, and being taken there was brought to Rome, and at an assembly was shewn to the people.

I have no Phœnix, indeed, but I have store of Peacocks: by their tails I would advise thee to think upon Argus's eyes, lest the evil, that followeth neglect of good rules should light upon thee. I confess it is a beautiful and comely bird to behold, but this pleasure of the eyes is requited with great wearisomeness of the ears, against which it were needful for men to run away, so horrible it is, or
to

to stop their ears with Ulysses's wax ;
not to add the grief of neighbours, and
their just complaints. It is reported,
that Hortensius the orator, was the first
that ever killed a peacock at Rome to
be eaten for meat, a man of great elo-
quence, though in manners delicate and
soft as a woman ; whose manners very
many, but whose eloquence very few, do
imitate, of whom the poet thus speaks :
Thou puttest off thy cloaths, being full,
and carryest thy undigested peacock into
the bath ; thus rawness, that is not di-
gested, cometh by the enticement to
eat, and bringeth on sickness and death.
Leave every animal to their proper
places and their proper uses ; those that
are wild, to the woods, and the direction
of Providence for their haunts and their
destination ; and domestic animals to those
whose

whose wide grounds and fields can with wholesome and true care nourish them for thy table, and coop them not up to fret, and waste, and scrape, and litter, in thy small inclosures or narrow courts: suffer also the little birds to live in the open air; there to feed, to multiply, to sing, to stretch out their wings, and smooth their little breasts in joy: and ye little babes, as saith Solomon, turn ye at my rebuke, bring them not to you to pine and die in your domestic prisons; but rather go to them, stretch forth your slothful minds unto heaven, and join in the full choir of praise to that Power who created the birds of the air, and the fishes of the sea, and man to govern them all, wisely and kindly, for his good. In making aware to have fish the more readily at hand I surely have not transgressed; —
this

this folly is ancient also.—Murena made wares for fish, and Sorgius, and had the names of these fishes bestowed on them for so doing: a worthy cause of a surname, to wit, that one did love a gilt-head, the other a lamprey: doubtless they took no less pains in taking and bestowing their fish, than Scipio and Paulus did in delivering and beautifying their country; and therefore came that just proverb, in quantity all mens cares are almost equal; but in quality far unequal. Lucullus caused a hill to be cut away to inclose fishes, for which Pompey the deviser of kingdoms, called him the Roman Xerxes, that is to say, a digger away of hills. — One Curius, otherwise unknown, had so many lampreys that he furnished six thousand of them for the triumphant supper of Julius Cæsar.

Cæsar. Hortensius the orator (for learning doth not always abate such madness) loved so dearly one certain lamprey, that he mourned for him when he was dead as for a dear relation: he, that as we read, neither bewailed the civil wars of his time, nor the proscriptions of the citizens, yet did he weep for the death of a lamprey! oh worthy love, meet to provoke such a man to tears! This lightness is so great in such a man as almost excuses the folly of later days. Antonia, it is also said, decked forth a lamprey with rings and jewels of gold, which strange sight brought many to the village of Paulo lying on the confines of Baai; she being young was excusable, and also from her sex. There were also wares made for fishes between the two bridges of the Tyber: I do not
for-

forbid thee the use of fishes from the seas and from the rivers, their natural and wholesome habitation; but I censure thy abuse, in imprisoning them, as well as birds, and depriving them of their liberty, and the enjoyment of their short lives.

But may not one have a monkey for entertainment within doors? If thou canst delight in filthiness thou mayest, and in havock, for whatsoever he findeth in thy house he will cast it about and spoil it, as I have told thee of other animals much more of this: a house is not its natural place, and beasts that are beautiful and proper in their native woods, or in large farms, are noisome when inclosed in straiter places, and abominable in houses. You will not say
this

this of dogs: If you mean sporting dogs? Truly I will; and as to others, though a pleasant creature, and near to man as it should seem in thought and love, yet they breed care and cause anger in the house, so that oft malice helps them away for the trouble they cause. Adrian the emperor, erected monuments for dogs, and builded a city in the same place where in prosperous hunting he had slain a bear with his own hand, and used many times to kill a lion. I delight much in hunting and in hawking; the exercise of hunting was peculiar some time to the Latins, but now to the Frenchmen; to speak nothing of those kings whose whole life was one perpetual hunting: the chief king of them all, whensoever he had any rest from battle, hunted daily. At length toward death,

death, he fought to relieve the discomfort and wearisomeness of age with this exercise; a strange relief, as it seems to me, for laying error aside, which gives honour to this employment, let us reason the matter: Is dwelling, as it were, in woods with wild beasts, for hunting may be said so to do, or with dogs and birds, is this the true glory and magnificence of soul? They which renounce liberal studies let them repair to the camp; but they are not qualified, for study and a soldier go together; ye shall read how Plato studied philosophy; how Homer travelled and observed mankind; how Tully pleaded; and how Cæsar triumphed; but ye never read that they hunted; it seems great labour indeed, and so it is, of body, but it argues a slothful mind: ye rise indeed
before

before day, the stir is as great as if the enemy was at the threshold; ye run or ride about ponds and waters, lands tilled and untilled, the husbandman's honest diligence ye overthrow; ye beat the woods and bushes, terrify their inhabitants, and even fill the air with your noise and outcry; and at night when ye come home, ye sit within doors carousing and tell your mighty deeds, what you have maimed and what you have killed. — Thus you requite your Creator that made you; your country that bred you; this is the way you shew your love for your parents, your friends, and your family, by keeping from them all day, and rendering yourselves stupid and blockish at night, when you should delight them with pleasant and useful conversation: Livy's history, Tully's orations,

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tions,

tions, and the Divine Scriptures, are as unknown to you, as the cannibals whose lives you imitate. Oh lay aside this folly, and contend not with barbarians for fame, but with men. Horses are excellent creatures, and horses are made to ride. There are many conditions of horses, and many dangers for the horsemen; but riding with moderation ought not to be condemned, it is good for health, while hard exercise is bad both for thee and thy beast, though much sought by the great. There are many examples of love to this noble animal: Alexander of Macedon, erected a tomb for his horse, and named a city after him; Augustus did not build a tomb, but he made a grave; Antonius Verus loved his horse so immoderately that he caused a statue of gold to be made like him while he
was

was alive, and when dead, a sepulchre builded in the Vaticanum to bury him among those holy bones: this seems as incredible as monstrous, but it is true; and the great poet Virgil, alludes to it when he represents the souls of such men delighted with their horses in Hell.

These vanities are not the less but the greater that can allure all minds thus to them; nor is it only of old time, for a Lord dwelling in Italy, whose name I will not utter to posterity, because of his folly in this, and his good judgment and wit in better things, who, notwithstanding his weighty affairs, when his horse, which he loved, was sick, he had him laid upon a bed of silk, and a golden pillow put under his head, while he himself, being confined by appointment of

his phyficians for the gout, he, difdaining their orders for himfelf, from extreme anxiety for his beaft, being borne in the arms of his fervants, and carrying his phyficians with him, went twice or thrice every day to vifit his fick horfe, and adminifter medicine to him, forrowfully fighing and gently ftroaking him with his hand, and comforting him with kind fpeeches; no means of phyfic left he uneffayed that might relieve his fick friend. Pofterity will call this a tale, but it is true and known of many; and alfo that, as this noble gentleman was more careful for the good health of his horfe than for his own, fo when the poor beaft died, when his life could not be faved, either by the art of his phyficians confulting, or his friendship moft ardently

ardently exerted, and omitting no earthly thing in his behalf; he sorrowed for him, and mourned as for a beloved son.

Doth not the wise man describe, with an energy suited to this pathetic tale, the spirit, the manners, and the carriage of a noble horse? In the most eloquent language he doth: and I pray thee recollect also that saying of the Hebrew prophet, it may check thee; at thy rebuke, O God of Jacob, have they fallen asleep that have got upon their horses: weigh all things well, examine every point, the fierceness of some horses, and their danger, as well as the goodness and beauty of others: consider not only the pleasant but also the rough passage, and thus preserve in thy conduct

toward this animal the golden mean. — I possess an amazing collection of books, for attaining this and every virtue, great is my delight in beholding such a treasure: Some get books for learning sake; and many for the pleasure of boasting they have them; and who do furnish their chambers with what was invented to furnish their minds; who use them no otherwise than they do their Corinthian vessels, or their painted tables and images, to look at: there be others who esteem not the true price of books as they are indeed, but as they may sell them: a new practice crept in among the rich, whereby they attain one art more of concupiscence. I have great plenty of books; where such scarcity has been lamented, this is no small possession; it is a pleasant but a painful burthen,

burthen, and a delectable distraction of the mind; for if thou dost use them thy wit must be busied this way and that way; and thy memory troubled with this matter and that matter. I delight passionately in my books; books have brought some men to knowledge, and some to madness; whilst they drew out of them more than they could digest: as fullness sometimes hurteth the stomach more than hunger; so fareth it with wits: and as of meals, so of books; the use ought to be limited according to the ability: in all things that which is a little for one is too much for another: and therefore, a wise man seeketh not quantity but sufficiency: for the one of these is many times hurtful, the other always profitable. I have an inestimable many of books! What thousands

composed the libraries of Ptolemy, and the Alexandrian collection, which were all consumed. The great praise of Ptolemy, as I deem, was, his causing the Holy Scriptures, with great travel and charge to be translated out of the Hebrew into the Greek tongue: not that I censure the collections of great men, but say, that books were to be destroyed, this one retained, would be a greater treasure than all the millions put together that ever were published by mortal man. But it is a great mark of distinction to be the possessor of a numerous store of books: Truly, it is a great inheritance; sufficient for many wits, but well able to overthrow one! Sammonicus, who was a man of wonderful knowledge, gave, when he died, to Gordianus the younger, from the friendship

ship

ship he bore his father, three score and two thousand books; and this disposition of them was superior to all the learning they contained, as much as gratitude and friendship exceeds all the forms of laboured study. But it might be study that led him to this act of virtue; well-adviseed study leads to all virtue. But as for such a quantity of books, I pray thee if this good man had done nothing else in all his lifetime, if he had never written any thing, nay, had he never read a single book, would he not have had, dost thou think, business enough to know what the books were; their titles, their names, the authors, and number of the volumes; so that instead of being a philosopher, he would have been a book-keeper. But with many books many opinions are to be learned: yes, truly;
and

and with them many errors, and much wicked knowledge; some repugnant to nature, to equity, and to good manners; some opposite to the liberal sciences, to the truth of things really done in history, to virtue, godliness, and the Holy Scriptures: and where so many matters are handled, and falsehood is so intermingled with the speciousness of truth, the discerning of the latter becomes the more hard and dangerous.

But many authors have wrote truly—
Admit the integrity of authors are not all fallible, and is not ignorance and slothfulness the lot of humanity? I would not be thought to cavil which I abhor; but among the ruins of human inventions, the Holy Scripture alone remaineth, both by means of the more special
watch-

watchfulness and jealousy of men over it, but chiefly by the express working of God, its great author, who defendeth his holy word; his sacred history and divine laws, and giveth continuance unto his records of mercy. But the purity of this divine book does not exclude the excellence of others. The excellence of others I have shewn thee is doubtful and mutable: it does not exclude, but it so far overpasses them both in matter, diction, and above all, in truth and perfection: of knowledge that their excellence should be in comparison moderately esteemed, and ultimately proved by them. By this would not human learning be lost or at least be discouraged? Hast thou heard of one of late, not living in the fields or woods; but which is the more marvel, in a great and flourishing city
of

of Italy; not a shepherd, nor a ploughman, but a nobleman, and one of great credit also among the people where he dwelt, who swore that he would give a great sum of money, upon condition there would never any learned man come and dwell in the country where he inhabited. I trust thou dost not accuse me of such a stony heart and wicked voice as this? my aim is, thou shouldest not vaunt thee of books thou hast not read; and like a gentleman puffed up with conceit, and well known, that book, saith he, is in my study; meaning the persons present should understand as if he said, the book is in my breast; and so with a proud look call for the astonished suffrage of the gaping beholders at his wisdom. All who possess these pompous looks, and flourishing vaunts, are a ridiculous

diculous kind of people, and are so held by the truly wise.

Reckon not therefore the tale of thy books how long that will reach; but select those that will best inform thee what thou art thyself, and what those who live in the world thou dost inhabit. Cast not the rest away, there may be a season for some others of them; for the mind has its seasons as well as the earth; and some variety in books is as necessary to it as to all other things in life: it is the too great multitude that create impediments to true knowledge, from the difficulty of choice: the diversity of ways many times deceive the traveller; and while one book may be read with profit, perhaps many may be turned over to no account: the one translation of the king
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of Egypt was the diadem of his mind; in that he raised a blessing for posterity; to thy memory commit thy knowledge, and shut not up thy mind with the coverings of thy books: and as to those thou hast tied in chains, if they could break away and speak, they would bring thee to the judgment of their private prison; there will they privily weep, and that for sundry things; but especially for this, that one covetous person hath such abundance which he hides and uses not, while many that are really studious are perishing in mind, for the lack of what is so dear, not merely to their eyes, but most precious to their hearts! The end of all reading should teach thee to be patient with those manners around thee thou canst not cure; and to leave unto the world the remedies thereof:

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to embrace love, to reverence the worthy, and mildly to overpass the rest as so many little flies, who, if thou dost not mind, they will have not the power to annoy thee: that thy life is for the care of thy own proper business, not for the care over the lives of others: so shalt thou neither fear any, nor will any have cause to fear thee!

Many may fear my wit, for it is very quick—I pray God it be quick unto virtue; otherwise look how much the quicker the nearer to destruction. I have a most ready wit; if applied unto good arts it is a precious furniture of the mind! My wit is sharp: it is not the sharpness but the brightness and steadiness of the wit that deserves commendation: small wits appear keen, but they
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are rebated with a small force, and fail at the first rencounter: also, there is nothing more odious unto wisdom than sharpness, nothing more grievous to a philosopher than a sophist; so that it was anciently said, that Pallas could not abide spiders, whose curious work and fine webs being so brittle, served to no purpose. My wit is prompt; take heed it be not crafty; for Sallust writeth that Cataline was a man of notable courage, but of a corrupt and ready wit. I require in thee a good and a modest wit, rather than a great and a sharp one; for a keen wit hath produced many evils, and seldom were there any many errors but they sprung from great wits.—I may surely pride myself in my swiftness of body: Tell me whither thy running tendeth? My swiftness is wonderful!

derfull! Run ye mortal men whither ye list, the swiftness of Heaven outrunneth you. Such swiftness as mine hath scarcely been heard of! the space on which it can exercise, will soon inclose thee in thy running: and admit the whole earth were thine, thy slowness would become no less certain! My swiftness at the present is inestimable, and is praised by thousands.—The commendation of swiftness may be due to the soul, unto which the seas, the heavens, and eternity; the spaces of nature, the hidden places, and secrets of all things lie open: as for thy body, whither its swiftness tendeth when the earth is, as it were, only a point in nature, is known without astrological conjecture or geometrical demonstration.—I may well use it while I can, for I am now

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incredibly swift!—However thou mayst excel all men, I doubt whether thou canst match a hare in this fine quality of swiftness?—Indeed my swiftness is marvellous!—The same accompanying many, upon hanging hills and broken mountain sides, hath disappointed them of the plain ground; and many also that would run, or as it were fly, by vaulting or otherwise, upon the walls or battlements of towers; upon the tacklings of ships, and upon the crags of hills: shortly after by some little trippings or slidings of the foot, have been found dead in the highways. To be true with thee, it is against the course of nature, that there should be such uncommon lightness, in heavy bodies; and if this nimble faculty is pursued, it will not long continue; for, should a man escape unhurt, which is a
great

great chance, yet it is an outstretch too mighty for the nerves; and will bring much weariness, if not secret damage to the delicate springs of life! All the spurs of youth are dangerous; they rather need those bridles that come in with age; which by the former may be leaped before-hand to destruction. If it be needful to moderate this extreme swiftness of body, can the memory be too swift? — The memory may also be too quick, and cause thy mind to be a gallery full of smoaky images for want of clearness; among so many things, the arrangement is difficult; and but a few can truly delight! Is it not grievous enough to have seen or suffered evils, but they must continually haunt thy mind with their dreadful re-appearances? — I am indeed full of remem-

branches ! What man can take delight in those that are painful unless wholly free from them : and of whom can this be said, I pray you ? No man can think on poverty with ease, but he that is rich ; on sickness, but in health ; on prison, but at liberty ; on labour, but in quiet ; on banishment, but in freedom ! — My memory is manifold, and containeth much time. — Some things then must prick thy conscience, some wound thy heart, some confound, some terrify, some overthrow thee ! so that thy face shall in silence mark the interchangeable red and pale of thy soul, and this is frequently discerned as well as felt. When one offered to teach Themistocles the art of memory, he, in conscious humility answered, I had rather learn the art of forgetfulness. What man should learn is,

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to reject all that is useless in remembrance; and to retain, with cheerfulness, all that can profit and amend. — Forget not thy sins, that thou mayst sorrow and repent; remember death, that thou mayst sin no more; remember the judgment of God, that thou mayst justly fear; and never forget his mercy, that thou mayst never be led to despair!

Is it not then lawful for me to boast of virtue?—Admit it be lawful, yet it is only so to boast of it in him who is the giver. But the virtue I have gained by improvement is my own. — It is the property of virtue to doubt, rather than to believe all things of itself; and to rise to the causes that produced, rather than to glory in the things obtained.—The virtue of my mind is great! — Take heed, lest the

greater it be supposed, the less it be indeed: weigh thou not what is done, but what ought to be done; not what ye have, but what ye want: true virtue thirsteth continually, burneth, as it were, to rise, and the more it doth so, the poorer it seemeth to itself; for in this ascent, hill beyond hill appears; and when ye think ye are at the summit, ye have yet a vast space to penetrate. I feel that my virtue is greater than is accustomable to obtain.—I fear me, least this boasting proceed rather from pride than from virtue; no renown is so great that pride will not obscure: this doth he know to be true, who being created bright, shining, and renowned, became from an angel of light, the prince of darkness. In this short life virtue cannot be perfect, for life is a war-

warfare, not a throne! and whoever thinketh he is come to the top, is the lowest of all, as by so doing he forsaketh the path that leadeth thereto; for there is nothing so contrary to profit as the opinion of perfection. No man endeavoureth to do that, which he supposeth done already.—My virtue is real; as far as the capacity of man reacheth.—Take thy past life and lay it down before thine eyes; and, being an uncorrupt judge in thy own cause, require of thyself an account of all thy words, thoughts, and deeds, through every day, and then shalt thou see how little real there is in thy mind: perhaps it is filled with vices, or at best with errors; if thou have any goodness rejoice humbly therein, and know, that if thou thinkest thyself great, thou must have rode on

some flying horse to be so soon wise before thy time. As for me, says a great man, I do not think I have attained, or am become perfect! and another; thine eyes have seen my imperfection! many are learned, but few are wise; ye have heard what is included in that wisdom that cometh from above! Canst thou say all this of thyself? Solomon could not, though reputed the wisest of men; but how he failed in one part of his life, his many wives and concubines, and his worshipping of false gods, sheweth. Socrates, of meer men was alone judged wise, by the Oracle; and he was near to it; but even he offered to a false god, knowing, as it is thought, and believing in the true! So that it has been justly said, no man has been wise or perfect in this world: they have exercised,
but

but have not completed: as for our age, it is more happy than the age of the wise men! they could reckon up but seven they thought truly deserving of that name; but in every town now, there are such multitudes, that they are like to flocks of sheep: nor is it any marvel there should be such numbers; seeing they are so easily made! There cometh a foolish young man to the church, his masters praise and extol him, either from love or ignorance: he swelleth and marcheth proudly; the people gaze at him astonied, his kinsfolks and friends can scarce contain their joy! he being willed, getteth up into the pulpit, and overlooking all from on high, murmureth out, no one can tell what! but they extol him with praise to heaven as one that hath spoken like a god! In the mean
time

time the bells jingle, the trumpets rattle, rings fly about, kisses are given, and a piece of a black round cloth is hung on his shoulders; when all this is finished, down cometh the wise man, that went up a fool! Thus are wise men made now-a-days; but a wise man indeed, is made otherwise. I myself entered once into holy orders; I glory in my perfect Religion! the rock of true Religion is Christ, by which man is tied to God; it ingrafteth humility and rooteth out pride: here thou canst not rejoice too much! for the direct path from this mortal life to the life everlasting is here shewn thee—I thank God for it—Thou hast said well; be thankful indeed, by keeping it from the errors of negligence, and the guilt of sin; then shall the controversy cease what is Religion? I possess; and all men shall

shall behold it in me ! It is not the ring of gold, the scarlet vestment, or the imperial purple ; it is not accoutting the body with the burnished harness, or the hand with the glittering sword ! it is not building the costly temple or splendid palace, pleading the nicest cause, managing the fiercest courser ; steering the noblest ship through the daunting tempest ; plunging into the bottomless ocean for its conceal'd stores ; or rushing into the smoke of the fiercest battle, to maintain or to advance to empire ! that will give Religion and wisdom ! or save from destruction, with a proud heart seeking its own applause ! But to be well reported of by others, shews desert and gains friends, even of those that are absent. My good fame hath done this.

Report

Report made Mafiniffo known to Scipio; so that he that was wont to be the leader of all the Carthagenian horsemen against the Romans, became, afterwards, General of the Roman horsemen against the Carthagenians; and not only gained the hearts of his private enemies, but also of thieves and of pirates; the common enemies of all: for the glory of his name drew them to the place of his exile, where, according to their usual roughness, forcibly rushing in upon him, they appeared to him at the first sight most terrible; but perceiving themselves to be suspected, laying aside their fierce looks, setting apart their weapons, and sending away their guard, they conformed themselves to unaccustomed mildness; and only the chief of these thieves came up to him,

to

to the intent to worship him as a God !
and make a church of his house !
They wearied his victorious right hand
with many kisses, hung up their gifts
in the porch of his house, as if offered
upon the altars of their Gods,
according to their country custom, and
rejoicing, as if they had seen a heavenly
vision, they departed in transports of
content ! This happened, indeed, unto
Scipio from report ; but where wilt
thou find a Scipio now ? Report hath
won me friends beyond the Alps, and
beyond the seas ! Thou must then have
acquaintance in the mid-way between
earth and heaven ! I pray thee, what
colonies are those thou speakest of ; for
no travellers have conveyed to me the
account of such. It may be, the moon
may have had tidings of thee also ; for
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the vanity of man reacheth, indeed, beyond the surface of the earth!

If fame is of no use, why are the plaudits in the amphitheatres, and the admiration of their superstructures, so general? The cruelties done there, and the grievous accidents, ought rather to have furnished groans and tears; and yet the great and good Prince Augustus, a strange error in such a mind, appointed a place there for the vestal virgins, whose chastity was such, that nothing was more perfect, no fame so tender, none so revered! insomuch, that all gestures, almost all motion, all trimming of the body, all talk not divine, was in them severely reprehended and punished. A thousand couple of fencers appeared at once at the amphitheatre for the fight;
flocks

flocks of elephants and tigers, lions, leopards, wild asses, and rampant horses, with other strange beasts sent out of deserts, parks, and forests, from every part of the world; and such was the sumptuousness of the building for these shews, that huge pillars of marble were brought by land and by sea, carved with infinite skill, proudly polished on the tops, and their branches glistering with fine gold. Three hundred and threescore of these monstrous pillars were brought in to finish a work the greatest ever made by the hands of man; inso-much that the amazement and the loud outcries of joy from the throng, stunned, and almost petrified the numberless spectators: nor did this madness cease here; for such was the number of works that arose in imitation, that there was nothing

thing in all the whole world so to be wondered at as Rome. To aggrandize this famous city the very bowels of the earth were pierced, the flints dug up, the hidden rocks discovered, rivers taken out of their soft beds, and conveyed away in pipes, the fretting sea shut in or out as was required, and with great banks torn from itself! the mountains, being undermined, their tops were left hanging, as it were, in the air, without support, and the bottom of the sea, with all its inhabitants, sporting in freedom; this was also searched and invaded. Moreover, to the end there may want no kind of mischief, what bloody slaughter, not only of private men, but of whole multitudes, do happen at these shews. The profuse laughter at the beginning, turned into grievous

ous sorrow in the end, when the dead bodies were carrying along with the weepers that belonged to them, following in woe. There is also much danger in such a weighty mass of people ; and it hath happened more than once, that the buildings strength, though it appeared great, was not equal to the load placed on it ; as chanced under Tiberius, the Emperor, at a notable shew at the city Tidenæ, thou must have heard how, by the fall of the ampitheatre there, twenty thousand persons were killed in one day. The expences that by these structures were brought on the common wealth, were incredible, and no less the toiling care of the builders, and the agonies and death of the workmen by accidents and by cruel fatigue ; also costly pleasant odours, so much cried up by the delicate,

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might, how strange soever it may appear, be well included in this view of folly and expence : for on such occasions they were the more profusely used ; it may be, as is their general intent, to put away other smells, and on this account they are always to be suspected. The Assyrians, the Arabians, and the Sabei, when they were vanquished by your weapons, overcame you with their odours ; which the rough and invincible sobriety of your forefathers resisted so long, that the five hundred, three score, and fifth year after the founding of the city of Rome, provision was made by a strict edict of the censor, that no man should bring sweet foreign ointments or odours into the city. Lacedamon also, which I call the Grecian Rome, resisted this infection of odours, as if they had been an army
coming

coming against them. I thought sweet odours kept off infection. Those who think odours wholesome, are deceived: all smells, even the perfume of inclosed flowers, that call forth the nerves too strongly, are hurtful, and are known to be so by well judging men in these matters; and as a covering for other smells are offensive to the senses of many, and above all to the valiant: a young man so perfumed coming before the Emperor Vespasian, to give him thanks for the office which he had bestowed upon him, as he stood before him, the Emperor perceiving the smell, and disdaining the wearer, with a stern countenance and rough voice, I had rather, said he, thou hadst smelt of garlick; and, so well checked (cancelling the letters wherein he had granted him his good will) he

sent him away frustrate of his appointment, in full liberty to enjoy his pleasant odours. To some they have brought another sort of danger; this happened to Plautius, a senator in the triumviral proscription, who, for fear of death, hiding himself in the salernitane dens, was bewrayed there, by the smell of his ointments, purchasing thereby to himself destruction; and to the proscribers excuse of their cruelty; for who would not judge that he was justly slain, who, in such troubles of the common wealth, and so great danger of private men, would spend time in decking himself up with sweet smelling odours? I cannot but say I am well affected to these pleasant odours! Leave them off, if thou wilt follow my council, both for thy health and thy honesty; for every
artificial

artificial use is something against nature, and not quite sorting with a true mind. Read what is written concerning this, both by the Greeks and the Latins, and consider the legions of vices that came in with sweet odours. But may I not with reverence notice, that Jesus Christ allowed his feet to be bathed with precious ointment! Verily it was not the delight of odours, but the delight in the affection and tears of the offerer, that caused Jesus to permit this anointing: he saw the humility of the giver, and he would not repulse the gift directed by the custom of the country as precious, and a witness of the heart that presented it; to whom a mine of gold would have been dross for the love of Christ: be then, like her, lowly, humble, and disinterested, and odours shall

not be required to give thee glory. I desire no praise for trifling ornaments. But say that I write well, shall not that bring me glory? There is no end of books, saith the wise man, and in much study is much weariness; yet they should write that have skill and are able; and those who have not, should read and hear. If there is some danger in giving the sense of others, what is it to compose and set forth the hidden thoughts of the mind. We may infect, or affect, but can we refresh? can we inform? can we lighten the heavy burthen of the mind? subdue the stubborn purpose of the will? if we can, we write gloriously! otherwise it may be said with Cicero, dried puddles, and no fountains, spring from their pens. — There are some who write, who would
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have done well to go to plough, to keep sheep, to drive the shuttle, or to play the mariner; and likewise many handicrafts men have been worthy to become philosophers; and some that were born in the fields, or under hedges, or on stalls, and in shops; on the wallet of the soldier, or on the netting of ships, were deserving of everlasting fame! whereby it cometh to pass, that they who are ignorant of these hidden causes, do wonder if in the middle of the sea, in the village, in the woods; there be found sharp and quick wits, while in the schools many are dull and blockish. If writing be to profit posterity, there is nothing better; if to get a name only, there is nothing worse; such seek wind without sails; and to them it may be said, Sailors, not thee, should desire the

conveyance of that element. My writing shall be accounted of, for that which gives vigour to the spirit is my lot. I was born in freedom. He is not free that is born, but he that dieth; fortune hath power over him that cometh into the world, but none over him that is gone out of it—she, overthroweth strong cities, she, vanquisheth valiant armies: she, subdueth mighty kingdoms! the grave is an impregnable castle, there the worms bear rule, and not fortune; whoso therefore hath stept into that liberty, of all men they are alone free from the insults of this life: thou boasteth thyself to be free, and knowest not whether thou shalt enter this day a freeman, I say not into thy grave, but into thy chamber; thy liberty hangeth by a weak thread; as do all things wherein ye
firmly

firmly trust. I am a free man ! For this cause, I suppose thou callest thyself a free man, because thou hast no master ; but hear what Seneca saith ; Knoweth thou not at what age Hecuba and Cresus, and the mother of Darius, and Plato, and Diogenes, came into bondage ? Or dost thou forget Regulus and Valerianus, the one made slave to the Carthagenians ; the other to the Persians ; the one consumed with servitude, the other put to a cruel death. What shall I say of Syphax and Perseus, the kings of Macedon and Numidia, who fell down from the top of their kingdoms, into the Roman fetters. How many in thy own age have been thrust out of the court into prison ; how many kings made bond slaves, the happier in freedom, the more miserable in bondage ; be not proud, therefore,

therefore, of thy liberty, it is a most sweet thing indeed to enjoy, but the loss of it is the more to be doubted ; for the face of human things change daily. Neither think thyself a free man because thou hast no master, art born of free parents, wast never taken prisoner in war, nor sold for a slave. Ye have invincible masters of your minds, hidden enemies and inward wars ! for a small price ye miserably sell your souls to sin, and are tied to vile pleasures with indissoluble chains. Go your way, vaunt of your freedom, judge him to be bound, subject to one mortal master ; but as for him that is oppressed with a thousand immortal tyrants, him ye account free ! Even finely as ye do make judgment of other things ; verily it is not fortune
that

that maketh a man free, it is virtue : if thou be wise, if thou be just, if thou be modest, if thou be patient, if thou be intrepid, if thou be godly, then thou art free indeed ! I am not only free myself, but I was born in a free and famous country: thou hast also known countries and cities that have been enslaved as well as men. Of ancient examples, the most free cities of Lacedemon and of Athens, first suffered a civil, and afterward a foreign yoke. The holy city of Jerusalem, the mother of everlasting liberty, was in temporal subjection to the Romans and the Assyrians; and is now in captivity to the Egyptians; and Rome itself, not only a free city, but the lady of nations, was first enslaved to her own citizens, and afterward to the most vile persons: so that no man can ever trust to his own freedom,

dom, or to the freedom of his empire. I was born in a glorious country, then will it be so much the harder for thee to face the light, for the small stars do shine by night, but they are dull in the beams of the sun. My country is noble. By what nobility, is the question? for a country is made noble, by the number of inhabitants, by the abundance of wealth, by the fertility of the soil, and the commodious situation; by wholesome air, and clear springs; the sea nigh, safe havens, and convenient rivers. That is commonly called a noble country, that is fruitful of wine and other commodities, as corn, cattle, flocks of sheep, herds of udder beasts; and mines of gold and silver. We call that a good country wherein are bred strong horses, fat oxen, tender kids, and pleasant

fant fruits: but where good men are bred, ye neither enquire after nor think it worthy the enquiring; howbeit, it is the virtue of its citizens that constitutes the glory and safety of a country; and therefore Virgil, in describing the Roman glory, did not so much as touch upon the former; but spoke of the might of the empire, the valour of the people, and the strength of their children.

I rejoice in my noble country. —
What if thou art obscure in such a noble country, or perhaps vile; thou shalt then be the sooner marked. —
My country is very famous. —
Cataline had not been so infamous, or Nero, had they not been born in so famous a country.—I am of a well-known

known country.—Unless thou glisten of thyself this will bring thee into darkness. Among so many eyes there is no lurking; knowest thou not the saying, I had rather thy country were known by thee than thou by thy country; nay, even then, there is no fame without the contempt of the ignorant or the envy of the proud, the first is the safer, the other the more famous evil: many that might be named, had they remained buried in some poor corner, would have been great there, who, shewing themselves, were disparaged. The answer of Themistocles to a man who ascribed his fame to his city is pertinent: verily I, should not be obscure there; nor thou renowned: Plato, on the contrary, as great wits sometimes have great errors, gave thanks for many things and in that he did

did well: he gave thanks to nature for making him a man and not a beast; of the male kind, and not a woman; an Athenian, not a Theban; and lastly, that he was born in the time of Socrates. Some learned men have thought this an error in Plato, and I do in part agree with them; for I pray thee to what purpose is it to rejoice in these things, as if Providence governed only such and such times, and loved only such and such persons! Does not he govern all? is not the Barbarian and the Scythian, great cities and small villages, the wise and unwise, the bond and the free, all his? Have there not been many Barbarians that have excelled many Grecians, both in virtue and in wit? have not some women surpassed in glory and in invention certain men, and been more

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commendable? and to be short, supposing Plato had been an ox or an ass, how should that have belonged to Plato, who would not then have been Plato, but that thing which nature had framed: unless perhaps, he gave credit to the opinion of Pythagoras, that souls passed out of one body into another, which his deep philosophy must surely question; and which our religion does deny. Also why was it so noble a matter to be born at Athens, that no other place was equal, no not Thebes! Were not Homer and Pythagoras himself, Democrates and Anexagoras, and Aristotle, and thousands of great men, born elsewhere; and if they seek for wit, was not the poet Pindarus born at Thebes; who, as Horace sayeth, cannot possibly be matched by imitation: and though Thebes was
despised

despised by the Grecians, did it not produce Epaminondas, that excellent philosopher, and most valiant captain, and in the opinion of all men, through every age, prince and chief of all the Grecians. He who almost utterly subverted the Lacedemonians, and put Plato's countrymen, the Athenians, into such fear, that when he was dead, being delivered of a great terror, they gave themselves up to licentiousness and sloth, and while this great man adorned Thebes, how many thousands of fools lived at Athens. Plato ought therefore to have given thanks, not that he was born at Athens, but born with such a wit, such a mind, such good liking of his parents, and in such plenty, that they were enabled to get him instructed in all goodness: for these

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things it behoved so learned a man zealously to have given thanks unto that God which had bestowed them on him: not for Socrates or Athens. Let it be also recollected, that in that school, among many others, were Alcibiades and Cre-tias; the one an enemy to his country, the other a most cruel tyrant, to whom how much their master Socrates availed let Plato answer me; or else understand that the doctrine of an earthly schoolmaster, however great, as was Socrates, by universal consent, is not to be vaunted as beyond all things, since that only belongs to the gracious and heavenly schoolmaster.

I live not only in a free country, but in a large city: the discommodities of a large city are many; the church is far off,

off, the market far off; the artificers and our friends are distant; the one hurtful to the mind, the other to the body. There is no harder distance than this; when it is painful to visit, and discourtesy to neglect. Dost thou remember how Horace complaineth of this; one of my friends, says he, liveth upon the hill Quirinus, the other at the furthestmost part of Aventine, and both of them must be visited: at such distances, whensoever thou determinest to travel abroad, dispose of thy affairs, and set thy house in order, for thou art uncertain whether thou shalt return or not: and in such wandering, men go as it were into another world, and have need of a loadstone to direct their course.— This way is the easiest, but that is the

readiest way; the place of judgment thou must pass in one, the crouded theatre in the other; the market and its dirt in a third. These, and a thousand more are the rocks and dangers of cities, which when thou passest through to return to thine own house, thou runnest the risk of coming thither again in safety. Philip the Orator, when in years complained that the ships were too far off from the place of judgment; all these troubles are wanting in a small town, and the other discommodities that are already alledged.

I was first in a small town, but I removed into a great city. Then thou didst launch out of a quiet haven into a rough sea: with great men it may prosper, with small it may prove a rashness;

ness: the Claudii did the like in coming from the Sabines to Rome; Marcus Cato from Tusculum; Marius and Cicero from Arpine; and they gained fame by so doing; but where shall we find such men who would have been great wherever they had been? thou shalt have many witnesses instead of a few, and those of sound judgment to try thee; endeavour thou that thy little good doth not perish in the removing, so that the beauty of thy new country, instead of brightening doth not cast a cloud over thee. It can scarcely do that, for I come of an honourable family, and that will advance me! To infinite trouble and probable disgrace; for nothing bewrayeth the stains of posterity more than the glory and brightness of their ancestors. My blood is of great clearness.—All blood

is for the most part of the like colour ; but if there be any clearer than other, the nobility hath not caused it, but health. My parents are of great honour and integrity.—Integrity doth not often descend ! in truth it is quite distinct from patrimony and heritage. How much more noble than his father was Cæsar ; how much more obscure than his father, the son of Africanus ! A father may love and make rich, but he cannot make noble ; vile substance may be transmitted which belongs to, and which may obscure heirs ; but the invisible rays of glory shine not out nor are transmitted by the power of mortal direction.

I am of great earthly note. Then thou art deprived of the sweet tranquillity of living secret, and out of knowledge

ledge: whatsoever thou doest, the people will talk of it, how thou livest at home, and how thou feasteth at dinner and supper, thy neighbours will covet to know; and not only the order of thy daily diet, but the secrets of thy family; what thou doest with thy children, what with thy servant, how thou behavest to thy wife; even the least word thou speakest of the smallest matter, and they will the most do this, who have the least to do with thee! This is the fruit of thy clear blood and thy nobility; that if thou tread thy shoe never so little awry, thou shalt be called the shame of thy stock, and a base degrader of the path which was trodden before thee into honour and dignity. Deserved nobility is not gotten by the birth, but by the life; and many times by the death: of

many noble families past there is no memorial left. Time diminisheth every thing: families, cities, yea the world itself! the beginning of man is one, there is but one father of mankind: all flew from one fountain, which passeth some time troubled, and some time clear: unto all on this condition, that which was clear becomes obscure, and the obscure is made clear: wherefore he that was wont to ride proudly through the midst of the city, managing his fierce courser with a golden bridle, now driveth his slow oxen up and down the fields with a simple goad. There is no king, saith Plato, but he comes of low degree, and none of low degree but he comes of kings! and how much a wise peasant is better than a foolish nobleman, thou shalt know when thou hast experienced
how

how hard it is to found, how easy to overthrow nobility ! The wheel of mortal things turns swift ; but its course being long, this short life perceiveth it not ; else the spades of kings, and the scepters of clowns might be well discerned ; leave of therefore to colour thy name with other men's virtues, least if every one require his own thou be laughed at for thy own nakedness. I speak it not willingly, but experience sheweth, that seldom the son of an excellent man is excellent !

I enjoy in this admirable country, a great estate, and I have a very fruitful land. Understand the power of him that maketh it fruitful, and so use the heavenly gifts then thou displease not the giver of them. Let not thy plenty drive away thy sobriety and the modesty
of

of thy mind : but let thy friends and the poor partake of thy fruitfulness. I husband most excellently my land. Husbandry in old times was the most holy and innocent life. It is likely that husbandmen were the last that did become wicked ; but now I fear that townish villanies have crept into country cottages, The art of husbandry was in great esteem among wise men ; and the poet says, When justice forsook the earth, she left her last footsteps among husbandmen. Cato the Cenfor was held to be the most excellent husbandman in his time, though a senator, orator, and captain : who will then be ashamed to till the ground with Cato who had triumphed for conquering Spain ! who would be ashamed to call to his oxen when that revered voice drove them along the furrow !

row ! who would disdain the plough and the harrow made noble by hands that had wielded the sword, wrote on philosophy, and gathered together the precepts of husbandry ! I will not prefer this occupation however to the liberal arts : yet it seemeth to me, that if Cato could find time for it, other excellent persons may, for recreation, graft the tender twig upon the budding stock, or correct the lank leaves with the crooked hook, or lay quicksets into the dyke in hopes of encrease, or bring the silver streams by new digged furrows into the thirsty meadows : but not dig and delve as if it were their trade, seeing their minds may be framed for more noble exercises ; that good mother nature gave many arts unto men, and with them the different wits and dispositions ;

positions ; and every one should follow that to which she has inclined him. A philosopher may not contend with him that sails over the seas at his own art : industry here would be vain, however superior in great matters thou wouldst be overcome in small, and be a bootless contender. I have trimmed my vineyard exquisitely. Ancient men were of opinion that husbandry should be well followed, but not too well ; the profit not being equal to the charge of such over doing : this may seem incredible, but it is true : they compare a man and a field, these twain, say they, if they be sumptuous are profitable at first, but afterward become barren and poor. This summer my field hath been very fruitful ; mark the next : hast thou made agreement with the frost, or with the hail ;

hail; with the cranes, and the wild geese, with the mice and the rats; thou shalt be host to fowls and worms, and a servant to thy reapers and thy threshers: plenty this year is oft a token of scarcity the next. Thy corn will belong to many; the carefulness to thee: the field, to speak truly, should be thy mind; the tillage thy intent: I had rather thou didst till thy self; for thou shalt make fat that earth thou now tilleth. Till what compass of it thou wilt, thou shalt have but a few feet of ground for thy inheritance: and as Horace saith, among the trees thou hast planted, none shall follow thee their short-lived master, but the dismal cypress! I have store of pleasant green walks, with trees shading them most sweetly! Those that be studious of virtue, and those who give themselves

up

up to voluptuousness do equally, though differently, delight in shadowy withdrawing places: when a great orator objected adultery against a vile man, he described the pleasantness of the place where it was committed. Aim thou at a mind, that shall beautify the place thou doth resort to: all felicity lieth in this.—Who hath not heard of the secret walks of Tiberius, and the withdrawing place of Caprea, which I grieve to mention! how glorious was a poor banished man, one Scipio, he breathed the air of liberty, he had that delicious state of mind, on the hills and in the valleys of his banishment, that made it a paradise: therefore those that commend solitary places, which are indeed delightful, should add, if the mind is clear enough to enjoy them. Truly I walk in most pleasant places. And what are the cares
that

that walk with thee; what skilleth it to put unfavoury ointments into ivory boxes, or foul minds into fair places. How many holy fathers have flourished among craggy mountains; how many vile adulterers have rotted in the green meadows! besides, to vaunt thyself of any place is folly; they were as yesterday not thine, and may be another's tomorrow; they are to thee in hazard, as places out of thy reach: dost thou praise the Alps because they are cold in summer? or the mountain Olympus because it is higher than the clouds? or the hill Appenine because it beareth fine trees? truly no; they are not thine! no more are the places thou praisest assured: some by tarrying too long, and taking too much air in them, have lost their lives; they are also the chosen spots of murderers!

ers ! Who readeth not in Quintus Curtius, of the most pleasant groves and woods ; the secret walks and arbours which the kings of the Medes planted with their own hands ; for in these took they chief delight, and all their nobles ; howbeit, at the command of a drunken and frantic young king, the ancient and noble Parmenio was slain, the chief of the Dukes and Captains of the Macedonians ! Who knoweth not Cajeta and the bending of the shore there, a fairer and pleasanter place there is not under the cope of Heaven ; but it was in this pleasant place also, the noble Cicero was murdered, at the command of the drunken and cruel Anthony.

Perhaps this great man, whose like is most scarce, meant to assuage the grief
of

of his mind for the commonwealth, by the delight of his eyes; when he was fallen upon by his cruel butchers.— Thus it happeneth that delectable places are most apt for treason and deceit, as men live there more carelessly, and have least view to danger, for wild beasts are soonest snared in the thickest woods, and birds most easily lured in the green twigs. I do take delight to be abroad in my walks:—Not more delight than the wild boars and the bears; which proveth, that not where thou art, but what thou doest is the great matter of distinction between thee and brutes! the place shall never make thee either noble or happy; it is by employing thy mind to some wise studies, and thy studies to some valuable end, thou shalt attain unto both.—But I love not study, I love rest

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of

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of mind and ease. — Rest and quietness are mine ! two most acceptable commodities of man's life, unless immoderate use have made them into most grievous mischiefs, as hath happened to many; procuring plagues to the body and diseases to the mind; swelling to the one, and rust to the other. This quietness is very pleasant to me. — There are two kinds of quietness, one is even in very rest doing somewhat, busy about honest affairs; and this is very sweet: the other is slothful and idle, than which there is nothing more loathsome: sluggishness is like to the grave. From the first spring great works, profitable to the world, and glorious to the writers; from the second, dull and sleepy sloth.—I enjoy my wished rest.—That rest which we must enjoy shall never have an end; consider

der therefore in what rest thou dost take delight!—I sleep sweetly: thou art then approaching a near kinsman, not in thy love, for thou knowest that sleep is the image and brother of death.—In my sleep I rest: Many that move do rest in mind, and many that sit and lie are troubled; sleep itself, which is called the rest of all living things, hath its own secret troubles, visions, and fantasies! My toils being past, I refresh myself with pleasant sleep: toil and labour are the base of virtue and glory! too much sleep is the source of vice and infamy, which driveth many headlong and throweth them into perpetual sleep! for it nourisheth lust, maketh heavy the body, weakeneth the mind, dulleth the wit, extinguisheth the memory, diminisheth knowledge, and breedeth stupidity; so that it is not without cause

that wakeful and industrious persons are commended: sleep is called death, and wakefulness life; take heed then of life and death which thou dost choose! those who wake early do live the longer. Augustus Cæsar, of all princes the greatest, used but short sleep, and that also often interrupted.—I sleep profoundly—So do gluttons, voluptuaries, wrathful persons, when their passions have done boiling over, and most brute beasts!—I do enjoy my long sleep. — It is well that the prince waketh, while the people sleep, and that captains are diligent while the army resteth; as says Homer, upon noble minds vigilant cares do depend: they are sober, they are toilsome for others; and not only kings and generals, but philosophers, poets, and householders, do oft rise in the night: and ye
need

need not be told that merchants and mariners do watch whole nights abroad in the open air, among furies and rocks, more fierce than any enemy. Aristotle sayeth, rising in the night, for a time, is good for health; and not only do those mentioned rise for service, good husbandry, and philosophy, but thieves and pilferers also; and which is more marvellous, mad men and lovers, who do in part belong to that class; they stir themselves in the night season, and will not thou do that for the love and use of virtue they do for the love of vice? and as Horace excellently saith, Seeing thieves rise in the night to kill true men, wilt not thou rise to preserve thyself!— I sleep all night, and no man troubleth me.—Aristotle attributed half a man's life to sleep, half to waking; I suppose

he meant not to say it should be so, but that it was so; it were a strange saying otherwise for so great a man, for the wife know no thoughts are more sharp, no cogitation more deep, than the nightly. God forbid that a well-instructed mind should give half their time to sleep; above all in youth, ages make a difference: winter and summer; yet as wintry nights are long, in part of them it were expedient to study, to write, to read, and to pray.—St. Jerome saith, rise once or twice in the night, lie not on your pillow like buried carcases, but by the comely stirring up of your bodies declare that ye are alive! When I wake from my sweet sleep all things go with me as I would wish. — Thou sayst well, they go all, for nothing standeth still; and even thy hard head that seemeth to rest,
lieth

lieth between an iron pair of sheets!
 and thou movest on a pillow of thorns!
 — My affairs go prosperously, I stand
 safe, and I have all my heart's desire.—
 Diagoras Rhodius rejoiced like thee; on
 which Lacon said to him, die now, Dia-
 goras, for thou canst not climb into
 heaven! and it happened indeed so to
 Diagoras; for amidst the shoutings of
 the people, and the embracings of his
 sons, his joy was too mighty for him,
 and he gave up the ghost. Many more
 have perished through extreme joy than
 sorrow: thou mayest not die on the spot
 with thy joyous cogitations, yet thy last
 day is at hand; deceive not thyself with
 dreams of perfect rest and quiet here:
 the tomb will alone give it to thee! —
 those that would rise to the true haven
 of everlasting rest must not weigh them-

felves down to the earth with the burthen of mortal things ! thou art like the fowl that flieth between the line and the snare ; the fish that playeth among the hooks ; and the wild beasts leaping among the toils !

I have toiled all my lifetime for to enjoy this quiet.—Thou hast well provided then for the physicians ; they will thank thee, and will shortly come thick about thy bed with much prattle and little wisdom ! thou hast done well for the lawyers, who will run to make thy testament with solemn speed : and still better for those who are gaping for thy money : they will try to dissemble their secret joy, by counterfeit tears, and curse thee within that thou stayest yet a little space alive ; yea, they will mark thy
crisis,

crisis, and catch at the signs and tokens of it with greediness; watch with intense looks over thy golden carcase; and give instant notice of thy last breath!—Thus, truly, the trappings thou art about to leave, shall get thee merry company; and thou shalt not wholly lose thy labour for joy, nor thy pinching cares for wealth; it will furnish the superfluous pomp of thy burial, and then will thy nest of hope be demolished quickly (if, indeed, as with many, it perish not before it be fledged) and thou shalt find that awful sentence verified on thee:—Thou fool, this night will I take thy soul from thee. Where, then, will the goods be thou hast gathered together? think of this, break off sleep, and moderate thy intemperate joy.—When I am restored by sleep, I delight in music,
in

in dancing, and in the song.—By singing there is some sweetness concerned, which manytimes is profitable, and sometimes is holy; but dancing is a vain, a voluptuous, and hurtful thing. I delight to be at dancings! The body covereth and discovereth the mind; the casting of the hands, the prancing of the feet, the rolling of the eyes, declare that there is some like wanton folly in the mind, as these do describe; and therefore it becometh such as be lovers of true modesty to take heed both of what they speak and what they do; for the hidden things of the heart are many times descried by small tokens: in moving, sitting, lying, gesture, laughing, going, speech: all these are the bewrayers of the mind.— I do much desire to be at dancings:— Foolish desire! do but imagine thyself
leading

leading forth a dance, or beholdest others dancing without hearing any instrument, and seest foolish women and effeminate men turning and twisting about, jumping backward and forward, and on all sides, like persons bereaved of wit; I pray thee could any thing more absurd be witnessed? but thou wilt say, the sound of the instrument covereth the unbecomingness; that is to say, one madness hideth another: dancings are generally performed in the night, and in hope, as is well known, of leading silly women about till they are won; under colour of courtesy they are thus courted, clasped, and, not seldom, undone; or if they escape thro' more chance than wisdom: Are not such freedoms against temperance of mind, and the true and chaste modesty

deftly of that sex? there the hands are free, the eyes free, and the speech free! there the heat of motion overgoes nature, prompts to evil deeds! and in dust and noise deprives the virgin of that shamefacedness that is her golden security! — Well, I do love dancing! — I know thou dost; yet say, leaving the above most weighty arguments, which thou canst not deny, is it not an exercise absurd in itself, and unnatural, because extreme? Doth it not bring weariness of the whole body, as well as giddiness of the head; and are not surfeits and death most common effects. Believe me, all vehement motion, especially if accompanied with noise, is hurtful, and beareth hard upon the springs of life! know ye not what was said, and possibly this was meant; the wicked walk round about.

For

For to return to my great aim, the truth cannot be denied, dancing hath been the cause of most shameful deeds, and bewitched many to evil; who have not partaken of it; for not only the honest matron, and unfortunate virgin, have lost their fame and innocence, but actual murder has ensued: wottest thou of the dish bore to Herod, no less than the head of the holy Baptist; oh horror! won by a dance!—Did not David dance?—All that good men do are not examples; this seems to have been a transport of religion; I have said before, all excess is wrong, and believe me no man will dance before the Lord with king David; lest peradventure his wife laugh him to scorn, as we are told the wife of David did; which seems to mark the absurdity. I would neither dance madly nor dishonestly;
but

but I do think dancing a most delectable thing! and I am willing to exercise myself in honest dancing. — I had rather thou wouldst choose some wholesomer, and better exercise: but I perceive thy meaning; thou canst not bear to be restrained from any thing, however hurtful: I grieve thou art so minded; but would fain help thee to eschew mischief. If such be the manner and custom therefore, that dancing must be allowed, let it be a relaxation to thy wearied spirits, and a moderate exercise to thy body; but in no way, nor by no means, a weakener and corrupter of thy mind! and let it be seldom and most modestly used: there be other recreations far more wholesome than this; be circumspect in all; whatsoever thou doest, do it as though thy enemy beheld thee; it is better to live
the

the wonder of thy enemies for thy abstemiousness, than the contempt of thy friends for thy carelessness! I would gladly abstain from examples: imitation of great men is not always safe; every feathered fowl is not able to follow the eagle! The younger Cato when his mind was overpressed with cares of the commonwealth, was wont to refresh himself with wine; the like did Solon, among the Greeks; they have many imitators; but that which they did for a remedy of great labour, and for the good of their country, those who do no good to any, and much evil to themselves, abuse to drunkenness. Scipio, it is also said, moved his triumphant and martial body to the sound of warlike instruments, not mincing and prancing as is now wantonly done, and to evil intent;

tent; but recognizing thus as it were their famous deeds, as in former times men of renown were wont to do gravely and usefully, at plays and great festivals; which should have honoured, if their enemies had beheld them; yea, have made them terrible in peace! but I had rather in the point of sobriety thou wert like Cæsar, who was a man his enemies could not deny, of little wine; and that thou shouldst not dance at all; but if thou wilt dance, and if thou wilt drink; as I well suppose, and give thy mind to what I would not have thee, let my words have some effect; drink wine so as Cato drank, and dance so as Scipio danced.!

Thou must allow music is sweet.
There have been sundry opinions of
great wits about music and fingering;
Atha-

Athanasius for bad finging in churches; St. Ambrose appointed that men should sing: in old time who could not sing or play on some instrument, was counted unlearned, which judgment fell upon Themistocles. Epaminondas is said to have played excellently; and Socrates, grave as he was, would learn to play; I will let others pass: there is some delight of the ear wherewith to be honestly and soberly entertained is a certain humanity; but to spend all the precious hours of life, claimed for other studies, to be caught by, and wedded to it, is vanity!—I take pleasure in songs and harmony:—Wild beasts it is said, and fowls may be deceived by music, and fishes delighted! thou knowest the pretty fable of Orion and the dolphin, it is chronicled as truth

L

by

by Herodotus; fyrens are said to deceive by finging; this is not believed; but it is true by experience, for the voice is the most deceiving of all instruments.—I am charmed with music!—The spider anointeth before he biteth; and the physician before he striketh; the fowler also, and a woman flattereth when they mean to entice; a thief embraceth whom he will kill; and the polypus fish huckleth whom he meaneth to drown: and many evil-minded persons are never more to be feared than when they shew themselves most courteous and their voice is most soft: the emperor Domitian, knew well to practise this.—I sing sweetly myself!—Thou knowest not whether it be thy last song; the swan singeth sweetly before her death; and Statius says, whose custom is the tender souls with
pipes

pipes they bring to the grave! but to pass this. Some are moved by music to mirth; some to holy and devout joy; some to tears of the world; and some to godly tears; which variety of affections hath caused such variety of opinions in great wits. Alcibiades was, by his uncle Pericles, set to learn this art: The love of music invades all minds, but the idle more especially, and those unaccustomed to noble deeds, and deep studies. Caius the emperor was much given to singing and dancing: As to Nero, what regard he had to his voice is incredible; the same night which was the last of his life, and the first therefore for the world to breathe; one thing he most miserably bewailed, that not so great a prince, but so great a musician as he was, should perish! I am

detayned with the pleasure of sweet notes !
Oh that thou didst hear the hymn of the
godly ! Oh that thou couldst be pene-
trated with the groans of the wicked !
Oh that thou wouldst listen to the sighs
of the distressed ! but above all, oh that
thou couldst catch the rejoicing of
blessed souls, and the singing of angels,
who without end do praise the first and
eternal cause ! then wouldst thou truly
discern which were the sweeter, which
the holier music ; and so discerning,
wouldst assimilate thy humble tribute of
praise to the diviner notes and to the ce-
lestial harps of angels !

I do not give up wholly to these re-
creations, for I follow the king's busi-
ness.—It is painful for a man to follow
his own business ; what is it then to
follow

follow another's, especially those who are of weight.—I solicit the king's business.—Take heed that whilst thy soliciting be difficult, thy account be not much harder ; and so inextricable, that it entrain not thy patrimony, thy fame, and thy life ; for thou must needs displease many, and may displease thy master, or which is most dangerous, God, the master of all ! for the great damages that may ensue to the people through thee ; or if not this, assure thyself fear, sorrow, and biting cares, shall be thine ! now art thou not alive although thou do breathe quick ; for the life of such as are in heavy care is a perpetual death ! — I have great power : And not a little envy, and much peril.—I may do much good—take heed that thou dost not com-

mit much evil; for strong are its incitements in power: in great things fortune bringeth force to the trial, but in small things she acts mildly.—I am in power and riches.—I will suppose thy coffers full, thy meadows fruitful, thy hall proudly furnished, thyself sumptuously arrayed! I will suppose thou hast well married thy son, and given thy daughter a notable dower; and with all this, that thou hast the favour of the people and the ear of the prince: but why dost thou swell, whose life as well as power the slightest spring of nature snapt asunder; the smallest bite of any venomous animal, the secret baseness of a false friend, in a moment may bereave thee off. Where then, I pray thee, is thy power? on the sand within the wind; or in fortune's wheel?—But I pour forth
benefits

benefis upon many. — Then hast thou the ingratitude of many to fear; some will forget, others will revile thee. — They dare not, for I am a governor. — Thou art the more likely to meet with disgrace; for thou leadeft an unbridled beast that hath many heads with a small twine; and governeft alone a great ship that is tossed with huge waves. — But I am also a judge! — Judge fo, if thou art, as though thou shouldest forthwith be judged of another: there is one judge of all men, and one incorrupt judgment feat. What need those who think of this to have the judges skin nailed on the bench, to provoke them to do justice? Every judge sitteth in that feat, where, if false judgment be given, neither money, nor favour, nor false witnesses, nor sinister engagements,

nor vain threats, nor eloquent patrons, shall avail him! the state of all public officers of justice is bitter and troublesome; their doors are shut against peace, and open to contentions; they cannot have time to attend the noble Dramas of Eschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, or the cheerful societies of friends; and even on holy days their houses are void of innocent pastimes: — in the provinces, are chidings and spleen; in the family, bustle and vexation, and every thing out of order! all must be handled, righted, and amended! But time and spirits fail, and how hard a matter it is to amend many, appeareth in this; that very few indeed do amend themselves; lay down, therefore, my friend, thy confidence in power, there is no power stable; no power but what is of power—And so is mine, for I serve a good lord and king.

To

To the power I meant, that Lord and King is as much a servant as thou art; but I will suppose thy earthly ruler good; and a most acceptable thing is a good defender of the people's laws. Remember that presence diminisheth fame, and that one well said, he hath lived well, who hath lain well hid. My Lord is good, I fear not his sight: he is then most pleasant in the eyes of God; but if to fulfil covetousness, and heap kingdom on kingdom, a hunger which no meat can satisfy, he can behold thousands sacrificed, and ten thousands in misery! although he be liberal and affable to a few, he is only an executioner, not a King! My Lord is mighty good! there is only one in Heaven who of his own right is mighty, of his own nature good. Augustus Cæsar, who was
Lord

Lord of the earth, proclaimed, that none should call him Lord; the true Lord is God of Gods! the Kings of earth, Emperors of men. Augustus, in what he ordained, proclaimed the majesty of the Heavenly King, and preserved his own modesty; and his successor, though inferior to him, observed this moderation also: but the petty tyrants of after times would all be called Lords; yea, if they had only a town or two in possession: to them it is a shame to be reputed men, and they take it as an injury to be so termed, as unfit are they to bear the image of the Supreme Lord, whose service is more felicity than the brightest earthly diadem, as they are unlike him in those attributes of justice and mercy which are the encirclements of his immortal crown! I am a great man with
my

my King—Art thou greater than Lyfimachus was with Alexander, or Sejanus with Tiberius? Their fall thou knowest. I have, with great pain and hazard, obtained the favour of my King! Oh! how much more safely and easily mightest thou have purchased the favour of the King of all Kings?—I have been a faithful soldier to my King;—thou hast then heard in thy ear; learn to strike; learn to die! to kill or be killed is the art of war; and therefore it behoveth thee in all places, and at all times, to make thyself ready: thy sword and thy shield, thy bows and thy arrows, and thy golden spurs, is thy inheritance, and shall be that of thy son; for it is most commonly seen, that the son of a soldier is a soldier.—I am famous for my victories and my triumphs!—then thou hast bereaved

reaved many of rest, and not a few of life, who was their joy and their hope. Many times evil is more known than good, and a dark tempest more spoken of than a fair sun-shine day; the grieved will lament, the widow will weep for her husband and her son. Thus thou wilt be talked of; it is well, if to defend just rights, thou becomest thus known, otherwise thou hast provided discourse of bitterness against thee; vain titles for thy earthly tomb, and extinction at the seat of unbribed justice, from the mansions of the upright. Most of the people do love me. If the many are evil, and the few good, the similitude of friendship is against thee; the love of evil men is purchased by evil means.—I do them right, and the people love me; a fair winter day, a hot summer's air, calm-

calmness of the sea, the moon's state, and the love of the people; if these were compared for inconstancy, the last would bear the bell; of which the Scipios, and a thousand among the great, too surely proved. I possess the chief place over the citizens—thy house is then upon sand, thy bed upon the briars, and thy seat on a hollow, shrinking away to give thee a fall. Thy King, if good, is the servant of the public, thou the slave of the multitude; the first day thy King was made one, he began to die to himself, and to live for all; and which is the hardest case, for many unjust considerers of his pains; but when he is gone, they oft wish him again. A virtuous King is the felicity of a transitory kingdom; but doubtful travel and heavy burthen on him whom he commissions: the King, and the
King's

King's deputy, have forsaken a peaceful haven to sail into the wide and troubled sea.—My King is loved, and I am honourable.—Art thou honoured of the just? Art thou beloved by the wise? It is a hard office so to be; to keep great things is an hard matter; but what is it to build up that which is fallen down, to gather together that which is dispersed, to recover that which is lost, to revive that which is defaced? A kingdom is like a forlorn farm in many parts: hard land requireth a number of spades, and dry meadows much water. Thou must abide heat and cold, and much of thy sowing will be reaped by those that come after; for to some sorts of harvest, many summers are required: thy King and thyself are mounted near the winds and lightnings on the hill; the huge pine is shaken, the high towers
over-

overthrown, and the loftiest mountains
foonest cleft afunder. If thou wilt not
believe me, ask Julius Cefar, and his
fucceffors, ask Alexander; for it would
weary thee, indeed, was I to lead thee
to the millions who have fuffered in
greatnefs; infomuch, that fome have
forfook the empire, the burthen was too
mighty. A King must be a father, and
if a father, what must he suffer for un-
dutiful children? Thou must soften his
anger, and soothe his grief by wisdom,
not shew him how to pass over a raging
crook of the sea, madly on horseback, or
triumphantly in a chariot, as did Caius;
or to dissolve pearls in vinegar, and to
present golden loaves before the people,
and golden services of meat, to shew
wealth and provoke avarice; to cut hard
rocks afunder; to throw fields up into
hills,

and level hills to plains ; to add earth to earth, by the violence of labour and the death of men, for some humour of the brain. In all this did Caius consume the treasuries of Tiberius, and then took to rapine ; witness his houses of gold which he also built ; his mules shod with silver ; his golden nets with which he fished ; his ropes and cords made of purple filk ; the fish pond that was begun from the bridge Misenus, and that was to reach to the lake Avernus, compassed and covered with wonderful galleries ; the ditch that dug through hills was to have the sea brought into it for the space of an hundred and threescore miles, on which he might sail, the breadth being such, that two gallies might pass and not touch one another ; which work, if he had finished, he had beggared all
Italy,

Italy, and the whole commonwealth; but death took him from such mischievous works, and rescued the state from ruin.

These are not the employments of kings and their counsellors; were they even profitable, neither such a supper as Aurelius Verrus gave, who had he made the like dinner, must have gone without hereafter, which thing the wise and modest Marcus Aurelius, his brother, did justly lament. This madness of fools is a proper warning even to the wise, to refrain from all excess; for in all cases of eminence, example will be followed to great evil: the deep den of expences I have traced to thee, seemeth to me like the gaping gulph of Curtius, it cannot be filled with riches: thy king indeed hath

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not wealth to waste; it is the people's, not his; for their good, not his folly or thine. My king is famous for his empire: if for his actions well; else famous names are obscured by actions like those of Caius; deceits of the world; credulity of men; these are the hooks whereby flexible minds are plucked hither and thither: the whole earth is but a dot in the universe, and what are the men on it? kings and ploughmen, rich men and beggars, all pass as smoke driven by a strong blast; and too late shall understand that this world was but an highway to pass through, and no country to remain in: no ascent fixed and certain; to the wheel and to the gallows, as well as to the empire, men are said to ascend; but climbing as it hath been shame unto some, and punishment to many,

many, so is it painful to all, and those speak the truth who own it, however hard of belief. But the great can be revenged while they do live of those who hate them. The bounds of that little power men have is one thing, and honesty another. Revenge is sweet: I marvel any one can say, revenge is sweet; when anger is so bitter; but if thou dost feel any sweetness in it, it is surely a savage sweetness, unmeet for a man and proper to beasts, and that only the fiercest: nothing less belongeth to a man than cruelty and wildness; nothing more fitting than mercy and gentleness: but I will tell thee how thou mayst use revenge with glory; to spare and be merciful; no forgetfulness is honourable but that of offences: a most excellent orator ascribed this to a most excellent captain,

that he used to forget nothing but injuries: take thou therefore upon thee this most noble revenge.—I take pleasure in revenge. — That pleasure, if it can be one will be short; but the delight of mercy will be everlasting! of two delectable things, that is to be preferred that continueth longest; do thou that this day whereof thou mayst receive perpetual delight! there is no joy so great, none so assured, as that which springeth from pureness of conscience, and remembrance of things well done. — It is honest to revenge: But it is more honest to forgive: mercy hath commended many, but revengement none; nothing among men so necessary as forgiveness; for no man but offendeth, and no man but hath need of mercy, which being denied, who shall take away faults heaped
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on heap to the clouds! Man shall be against man, and God against all! there shall be no end of contention and punishment: horror shall stalk over the earth, and the lightnings of Heaven shall blazon her cruelties. Spare thou, therefore, that God may spare thee! Arrogant, indeed, is he, that asketh pardon of his Lord, and denieth forgiveness to his fellow-servant: nay, so far from revenging thyself on thy enemy, thou must pray that God may not remember his sin to thee; and how canst thou pray in such a temper? Will God hear thee? Slake thy heat, bridle thy passion, or thou canst not pray to be heard; and wast thou to revenge, I pray thee, what then? thou wilt revenge on thyself. The body or the riches of another thou mayst, indeed, destroy; but

in doing it, thou shalt utterly cast away thy own soul ! But my enemy will never leave to injure—the fittest instrument to take away an enemy's hardness is lenity: many examples thou mayst read of; above all remember the last things. The man shall die who hath hurt thee, or thou mayst die before him; moderate thyself: that shall come to pass which of him in thy passion thou thirstest for, his death ! Why embrue thy hands, which shall shortly fail thee, with the blood of him that shall fail also ! it is as needless as wicked: let him die whole and sound, that thou thyself mayst die pure, and reflect on those who have not only forgiven, but served those who have injured them on one side, and those who have hewed them down on the other, nay, have wreaked their cruelty on their
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senseless carcases; and then consider which of these thou wouldst be like, and confer not only their deeds, but also their words; for there resteth no small part of cruelty in the words. Cruel is the foot, more cruel the hand; but above all, most cruel is the tongue! Many times that cruelty of the mind which the hand could not match, the tongue hath surpassed; as of cruelty so of mercifulness, the tongue is the best witness.

Tiberius, hearing that one he had condemned had prevented his revenge, by slaying himself, cried out in a rage, "Cornelius hath escaped my hands!" — Hadrian said to his enemy present, "Thou hast escaped my hands, I forgive thee!" — The one envied and

grieved at his enemy's death, the other pardoned and prolonged his enemy's life. Choose which of these twaine shall be reported of thee; the merciful saying of the good prince, or the bloody voice of the cruel butcher! I am not ignorant it is easier to advise good things than to do them, and to be mild for another than for one's self. Hard it is, I confess, but good; and thou canst not deny but that every virtue consisteth in that which is good; that it is difficult to the stranger to virtue to practise goodness; but to them that love her, all things become easy. Raise thyself, therefore, to her by the gentleness thou hast before trodden under foot, and she will reach out her hand and save thee from wrath, that cruel, that devouring monster! To rejoice in a man's death may be permitted

mitted to an immortal perhaps, with their wide knowledge of causes and events; but for a man dying himself, to wish his fellow's death is astonishing! When two go to execution, does one of them rejoice that his fellow is going to the same port. Cæsar bewailed Pompey in death, though he vexed him in life; Alexander lamented Darius; and couldst thou then rejoice in thy neighbour's death, whom thou art commanded to love, as wrought by the great Artificer in the same mould. So many are the natural and accidental issues out of life, that Revenge may very well be spared her tremendous point. The earth sinketh and openeth, and the burning air oft exhaleth the vapours of pestilential diseases. At this time the air is clear and pure; do thou then take pattern

tern from its mildness. This bright clear air is delightful! To take delight in the creation of God is just, if thy mind is in a state to do it honourably, and to center the praise in God himself, the fountain of all mercy, which thou canst not do without mercy to them that bear his image, whatever be their offence. Charming is this air of Heaven, I would it might always continue so! Then wouldst thou die. The alteration of seasons, says Cicero, is specially useful to man. I feel well in this air—there is nothing so pleasant; which, being continued, becometh not hurtful and wearisome. There is no medicine more effectual against all tediousness in life, than variety of places and seasons; With this man's life is nourished and fed; and, as St. Augustine saith, he that cannot be filled

filled with the quality of things, at least may be satisfied with their variety. How pleasant is this clear air to sail in, how sweet the sea in such air ! It is a suspicious sweetness, like to the flattering of thieves threatenings ; soon will it appear so altered that thou wilt say, from whence come these horrible mountains of water that rise to the clouds ! from whence this roaring of the huge waves ! None know but those who have proved it, what the sea is ; which moved the poet to call it an unruly monster. Nothing so often and so dangerously transformed ; nothing more soft and enchanting, while it resteth ; nothing more fierce or unmerciful, when troubled.

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The sea is now quiet and fit to sail upon :
Upon such an element canst thou hope
for firmness ? — Surely now I may sail
happily.—Perhaps a little space thy sails
may wanton in wild and refreshing
breezes ; but knowest thou what whirl-
pools may start up beneath, or what
storms may crush thy vessel from above,
which yet may not be able to reach
the shore to save thee ! I am firm at
land at least, for I sit safe on the shore :
more men inhabit the land than the sea ;
and many are the dangers also there ;
the poor searher under waters, on
the sands in Statius when he died,
commended the wintry and south winds,
and the danger of the sea, as less painful
than his slavery. I am firm on land at
least that will stand steady under foot.—
But many times it hath not so stood ;
whole

whole cities have been swallowed up at once; to omit your own hills *Ætna* and *Vesuvius* always shaking over your heads with fiery portents! Rome itself tottered, the Alps trembled marvelously; the high rocks being torn away, gave licence to the sun-beams to view such places as were never before discovered. Towns and strong castles in Germany and Spain, have been laid flat on the earth; yea, the river Rhine itself ran forth from his channel as if weeping for the ruins wherewith on each side his banks were so miserably and fearfully defaced; especially that side which was sometime most beautified with buildings, whose rubbish he washeth now with his rattling whirlpools: cease thou therefore to be careless where there is no security; the earth on which thou treadest

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is not so certain a place of dwelling, as of burial; thou art now safe on the earth, but under it shalt thou very shortly repose.—I hope for rest and peace in this world — An excellent good thing, if it were sincere or could be perpetual; but mutability hangs over the awnings of peace wherewith ye shelter yourselves: in most respects peace, public and private, is better than war and contentions, but the latter bringing experience, oft produceth wariness and firmer peace by being redoubted: the Roman prowess had never decayed, if the Carthaginian war had continued; that peace was the destruction of Rome, and a document to all other cities, that peace is not always best for nations and empires. Were men good and reasonable, peace might be maintained without war; but covetousness,

ousness, envy, anger, and pride, lift up the banners of war both in cities and in families; and ye, like wilful and stubborn children must be whipped into wisdom: as saith the apostle, whence cometh wars and fighting amongst you? when ye enjoy all things ye value? Nothing; and idleness, and lust produce secret hatred, and open tyranny! What availeth, said one, to pray to the gods, either for public or private peace, when the owners of the vessels are freighted for war! peace must be used modestly; proud and negligent manners offend her gentle nature; she wings her flight, and will not stay to behold the overthrow of humanity. Sylla in war was like Scipio; but in peace a very Hannibal: — Marius, so valiant in war, was so pestilent in peace, that what he had preserv-

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ed in the first he overthrew by all kind of treachery in the latter: if good manners are exiled, pleasures bear rule; virtues are trodden down, and minds at rage within: farewell that peace which is an heavenly gift! she will not dwell in a fomented soul: Let such put on the breast plate rather than the white robe! let them march into the field, for they cannot rest in the chamber! let them blow the trumpet of discord, not sound the pipe of harmony! let them display their glittering spears and polished helmets in the sun's scorching beams, not seek the sweet retreat of domestic shade! let them rejoice in the death of others, and forsake their own life! but let them take heed of the time approaching, and the everlasting rest into which the turbulent and evil may not abide,

abide, or even be allowed to enter; yet cannot they escape either by sword or war, from the retribution of that great day!

Who then are the happy on earth, if not kings and heroes? they are stiled great and happy on earth at least? — Things which are full of cares and dangers must be the root of miseries, not happiness. — Sylla was called happy I grant, but with so heinous a life and death how could he be proved so? — Alexander and Julius Cæsar were said to have most prosperous fortune; yet their lives were ever unquiet and troublesome, and their deaths violent and dreadful! — nay, even the martial felicity of the Scipios in the one, by his unworthy exile in the other, by his shameful

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and unrevenged death, were surely diminished. Augustus Cæsar seemed to be happy, for the excellency of his government, the continuance of peace, the length of years, and the tranquillity of his manners; but indeed he was far otherwise, for the inward state of his domestic life hindered the enjoyment of his outward glory: the untimely death of his adopted children and nephews, and the untowardness of some of them worse than death:—Moreover, the treason and secret practices of many most vile persons; the conspiracies of his kinsfolks, the dreadful lusts of his most dearly beloved and only daughter, and of his niece; finally, an heir that was none of his own, and a successor that he liked not; and whom he chose rather out of necessity than of judgment, far unworthy of such
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an emperor and of such an empire. —
If then none of these were happy, shew
me the hero that is so, or any man, till
death do prove his lot? Be not blind any
longer; the trade of honour is the last,
instead of the first, for happiness; and
how many things are wanting to every
man, every man can alone judge within
himself, knowing the things that he
hath, which another knoweth not of:
happiness may be accomplished by vir-
tue; but in error it must fail; and there-
fore most men must go without it; for
it never happened to any to rejoice long
in error: truth alone is sound and sub-
stantial! a time shall come that will
drive away shadows, uncover and dis-
cover false joys, bring them to that light
from whose rays they must shrink, and
which will dissipate them as the sun

beams dissipate the vapours of the morning ! let those men be witnesses of this truth whom you placed in joy, where are they now ? in what state do they remain ; what do they now think of their short glory and most interrupted felicity ?

Howsoever the world goeth, no man shall take hope from me. — Indeed no man is able to take it from thee : but she will take herself away by little and little, and wasteth away with many unforeseen events. It is a sweet thing to hope. — Truly I hear many say so ; but I cannot perceive the sweetness ; for if it be sweet to hope, it is also sweet to lack that which a man would have, which whosoever will affirm, he must want feeling, to live in doubt, to be affected, is hope ; nay, to fear, for those
who

who hope must fear ; they go together : nothing so much wearieth the mind, nothing so much hasteneth old age :— Let fortune look to the event.—I rejoice in hope :—Take heed of thy hope, what it is, if evil or impossible thou wilt repent thee : many have been overthrown, many perished, by their hope, when effected. None shall take hope from me.—None shall take from thee wearisomeness in hoping ; the deceit, the doubt, the trouble, the readiness to give credit to all you wish ; the lightness and folly of embracing every argument : yea, when it has forsaken you, ye forget how ye have been deceived, and again go forth to embrace it !—I will not forsake my hope unto the last. — What if it forsake thee, canst thou call it back, or follow it, or stay for its return ? but go to ; hope in God's

name, since it is so pleasant to thee to be deceived; I would not pluck good purposes from thee if thou desiredst them: to purpose well, and to hope for what thou dost call good things, are widely opposite: the most wicked hope for good, while they know not what good is, for they hope not for that which is good: this is the only honest hope! he that hath this hope, let him hold her fast, and not let her depart; but gain her other sisters also, Faith and Charity: these are the precious guests of human life, they never fail, never confound! they will cheer the soul, smooth the pillow, break the yoke of that inconstant and unmild lady Fortune, who beareth rule in the breast given to false hope. Mine understanding is human and I hope for things humanely called good;

good : Heretofore it hath been, and to the world's end, there will be contention about what is good. I have cast the anchor of good hope, and I will not remove. Sailors use many times, when a tempest riseth, to cut their cable and loose their anchor if they cannot weigh him up and depart without him ; for in great troubles and ragings of the sea, the anchor doth not hold fast without endangering the vessel ; and so in worldly affairs, settled and tough hope hath destroyed, which if cut off had preserved, in well hoping and ill, having life passeth : but I will be honest and tell thee, the several subjects of thy hope : Thou hopest for an inheritance, and gladly thinkest on another's death. How knowest thou whether thy little may not fall to him whose wealth thou grudgeth

and coveteth : if made the heir, hath thy patron engraved his donation on tables of diamond ? At the end of life much is blotted out, marked firmly in life ; the laws therefore call the wills of testators walking wills : dost thou forget to whom it happened, they were not only promised inheritance but also received kisses, rings, and the last embracing of the party which lay a dying, when there were other heirs appointed, and no mention made of them in the will. Base conduct, grievous censure on the honesty of the mind ! if not distraught or abused by deceit. That most honourable gentleman, Lucius Lucullus, suffered some time this kind of mock reproach : and also the great Augustus himself, an horrible and most strange delight in deceiving, which will not forsake wretched
souls

souls at the point of death ! this hope resteth on a carcase, and the burial ; and doth resemble the hunger of a wolf. Thou say, thou hast this thy hope : thy successor, for whom thou hast been careful, may be negligent in love : and as thou hast hoped of another, so will he hope of thee : but to wave this dismal state of mind, to which thou objectest not. Thou hopest for success also at many and various games ; at tennis, ye weary your bodies, and no way exercise your minds ; when walking, according to strength, answers to the health of both, and is the most salutary exercise in human life : from the honest stirring up of the mind by walking, the most famous sect took its name. Though I will not deny but modest and good minds have delighted in the rough exercise

ercise of the ball ; among whom was Augustus, and Marcus Aurelius, who played well at tennis ; yet do I not therefore like the better this hasty and clamorous game ; on this ground ; that all vehement motion, especially if joined with noise and the outcry of clamour, is hurtful to the body, and unfavourable to the dignity of the mind ; besides, excesses which from drought and heat are occasioned. If I play at dice and drafts I shall sit quiet ; I doubt it much : Augustus here too refreshed himself, but his great cares not thine required such relaxation. I take more pleasure in playing at dice and tables : I was going to tell thee of this hope of gain by the fine delight of throwing a couple or more of squared bones, with certain numbers marked on every side, and look eagerly
which

which way they run, so to place the round tablemen in order. I delight moreover to play at lotts : fine delight ! to stand gaping over a pair of tables, and a few rowling peices of wood by stealth falling in ; whereat there was an ape that played, as Pliny writeth ; away go the hands, and streight are plucked back ; the teeth grin ; the spirits chafe ; the head is scratched ; the nails are gnawed ; and all is done like an ape : indeed it is the very play for such an animal ! If a man was as deligent in settling his mind as in placing his boxen or ivory tablemen, what would he not attain to ? but men are bent on nothing more than gaming. This is a rule proved in the kingdom of folly : I do delight in these games !—Thou dost delight in a gaping whirlpool ; in the flitting of thy patrimony,
in

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in the clouding of thy fame; in a provocation to wicked passions of the mind, and in the way to desperation! But I may be a winner, and then I shall have good: There is no good in play, all is evil and miserable. The loser is grieved by the, and the winner loses his humanity! If all that play should lose, no man would play at all. If there were any justice, that which thou winnest is not thine; and that which thou lovest ceaseth to be so. All money won by play runneth faster than other: it is seen never to stay in the hands of the impious banker; and no loss is more greivous than that which hath had the taste of the sweetness of gain. To rejoice in winning is to rejoice in poison; it will break out at the veins anon. There be some sins that are sorrowed for, some repented

repented of; but the sin of gaming or loving play, is a detestable hardness that cases the soul in iron to eternity! Think not I speak too bitter; can it be otherwise where there is no comeliness of behaviour, no modesty in words, no love towards man, no reverence towards God! but chiding, railing, deceit, perjury, revenge, and oft bloodshed and murder: as to the blaspheming of God's most holy name, thou knowest that games abound with this shameful, this cruel practise: for is not such an injury to the King of kings the highest cruelty? hast thou not seen some set down to play who have trembled while thy have called on God in this furious manner! Others, not so bad, yet have looked what they did not speak. What things have been done for a small sum in these places,
which

which in others would not have been attempted for the greatest treasure of the earth ! Gaming in every degree, where money is the object, is the kingdom of all vices ; but especially of the two most dreadful ones, wrath and covetousness : and the Proverb truly says, All the great players and masters of games become naked, bare, and poor in the end. God that loveth good minds, and courteous manners, well look on thee with an angry eye ; dread his power, who has declared the covetous and the man that loveth not his brother shall not enter his holy kingdom ! If thou wilt play for recreation, do as the worthy and learned men in Athens did ; when a company of friends met together, every man should alledge something appertaining to virtue and honest living ; and when they
had

had conferred on these matters without envy, and with much love, a small piece of money was given to the best propounded of wisdom, and this money converter to philosophical suppers: so that it ministered provision for the body, a spur to the wit, and exercise to the mind. With this kind of play wherewith our forefathers furnished their Saturnalia, furnish ye your godly holidays, and wherewith they were wont to pass their Athenian nights, pass ye your Roman nights: for at this game thou shalt gain great interest, and it shall never bring thee to shame!

May I not take delight in the game of wrestling? If thou canst delight in the heat of chariots, the noise of horses, the smoaking of the scorching wheels
through

through narrow streets, at the peril of life; the sweating throng, the running down of the oil, and the blinding clouds of dust, thy senses must be dull: and how thy eyes, nose, and ears, can then be pleased, I know not. I have told thee that Diagorus Rhodius, who was himself a famous wrestler, when he saw two of his sons rewarded in one day at this game; as though nothing noble was to be found but these turmoils of the body, died for joy on the spot! Plato when young, but only when young, was also a famous wrestler; afterward he betook himself to that which was better; and chose rather to be like Socrates than Milo: in this game the vilest persons not the wisest have oft the ascendant, and virtue of mind is vanquished by hugeness of body. What

Duke

Duke or Nobleman canst thou name which Milo could not overcome? Who would run a furlong with a live bull on his shoulders, and killing him with a stroke of his bare fist, would eat him up in one day. Who shall meet with the fellow to match him, in the kingdom of chivalry? The conflict of the mind is a worthy conflict, not the conflict of the body. Strive not for strength, strive not for riches, strive not for power! strive for nothing whereby thou mayst detract from another, to gain thyself. Where envy accompanys, the victory is degraded; but if thou strive with the good for virtue, with the just for honesty, and with the innocent for temperance, thou shalt reach the goal of life. In this game thou need not endure the burning rays of the sun, nor the choak-

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ing dust, nor the hue and cry of the mob ; nor the grudging of thy competitor ; in thy closet, and in the court ; in leisure, and in business ; with those that are present, and when they are departed from thee ; with all worthy minds of all ages, and of all countries, mayst thou run this noble race to assured victory, and the immaculate crown that shall never descend from thy head to any heir ; or wither on thy immortal brow ! this is my counsel, this the exercise I would have thee to pursue ! I am glad thou hast not expressed a desire for the shews of the gladiators ; in that I give thee credit, thou couldst not surely bear to see a man slain with a weapon, or torn to pieces by the teeth and nails of wild beasts : such fights terrify those awake, and dismay again in the visions of sleep !

Nor

Nor hast thou expressed delight in the pastime of jesters : thou knowest they are flies, which when thou art dry, forsake thee ; who talk of other folks either falsely praising, or bitterly defaming them ; to whose tongues rest and quietness is a punishment ; who love points, and phrases, and little wit : and it is very certainly proved, all who follow jesting and sneering, are mean spirits, of a corrupt, of a false judgment, and little argument therefore is needful against such. Thou knowest all these things are vain ; but thy hopes are indulged still, for sweet but deceivable things ! Thou trusteth in the return of a dear friend, and addest not the casualties that may prevent or retard his coming : how many may we think there were in Rome, who with desirous minds, expected the return of

Marcus Marcellus ! while his most cruel foe arrested him in the midway ; and when Cæsar, at the request of the Senate, pardoned Marcellus ; his enemy's cruelty prevented the mercy of Cæsar. I hope to see my friend ; and I expect him safe, having no enemy to hinder his coming. What man is he that hath not an enemy ? or liveth not among those who hold open war with peace and virtue, and hate nothing more bitterly than to behold others happy ! The thieves and murderers of domestic peace, and of sacred friendship, stand ever close to the happy, watching every moment to purloin their peace. Wherever thy friend passeth, these will secretly follow him. Besides other manifest dangers of waggons and horses over-throwing him, rivers and streams whose depth he weighs

weighs not, weak bridges and damp houses, wild beasts and venomous vermin; these walk along in the train of death who brings up the rear. Drusus Nero, son-in-law to Augustus, possessed such wonderful affection even from his enemies that he was almost adored: how thinkest thou did Augustus, lord of all the world, expect the return of so noble a young gentleman, whom in love he had made his son; and Rome itself, who depended on him, with the royal house to whom he was so dear! but look sudden death, as some authors say, by the breaking of his thigh, brought him back dead; whom they sought to gaze on as a conqueror! Shall I speak of Germanicus? I think there was never greater expectation of any man: it was not his father nor yet Augustus that expected

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him, but the whole city of Rome; and that with such desire as a widow and a mother that had but one child! and therefore on report of his sickness, all countenances and apparel were changed, and sorrowful silence possessed every heart! on a glimpse of his recovery, the people ran to the capitol, loud noises of joy burst forth; and the doors of the temple were almost born away by the throng to give thanks to the Gods! the darkness of the night was overcome by the blazing torches; and they sung for joy, Rome is in safety! our country is in safety! Germanicus is in safety! But what was the end; even that most common in human affairs, Germanicus was dead! he returned not: but he was translated where the envy that poisoned him could not reach. Our whole life

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is a life of expectation ; to perceive it, so to seek a better is our only just aim. We live in happier times than thou hast reported of. Times of themselves are of a like goodness : — the creator of times is always good ; it is men that fail. Times pass away and return no more : virtue, industry, and good arts pass also, but they do not perish though they pass ; for good deeds well done immortal ; the manners of every age hath been complained of, and every age hath cause to complain ; but a mind made joyful by goodness will always find sources of felicity.

Thou dost also hope for glory by building ! — This glory is won out of lime and sand, timber and stone ! this glory is made by men's hands, and

therefore must fail in itself, or by length of time, for time hath very long and strong hands that no works can withstand; if thou doubtest, behold antiquity and believe: the proud tower of Ilium in Troy; the walls of Babylon and of Carthage, are now the dens of serpents! and the habitations for wild beasts: and even to speak of later times, Nero's golden house, Dioclesian's warm fountains, and Severus's wells; the market place of Augustus, the house of Mars the revenger, and of thundering Jupiter: in the Capitol, the Temple of Apollo, the theatre of Marcellus, and innumerable works besides these: seek in books and thou shalt find their names, but seek all Rome over and thou shalt find nothing at all of them, or a few remnants only. Had Augustus left nothing

thing behind him but buildings, his glory had long since fallen to the ground. The temples of the Gods which he prepared fell down on those that did build them; others have trembled and shook; and one only standeth as if it could bear its own burthen; which is the temple of Pantheon, made by Agrippa. I seek for glory by building. — Seek it where it is, thou shalt never find a thing where it is not.—I shall leave behind me buildings which will gain glory among posterity!—Augustus boasted that the city he found of brick he left of marble, whereunto this glory came we have seen: these followed him and will thee to the earth from whence they came.—I have built houses whereby I hope for praise. — Perhaps they will praise thee that next dwell in them; or it may be
they

they may find many faults thou didst consider as beauties, for man's taste differeth; at all events the generations after shall know no more of thee than of Pagans. — If I gain not fame by my buildings after death, I shall for my renown. — This is true of some; Seneca prophesied that he should be beloved of posterity for his writings: Statius also prepared this path for fame; and likewise the poet Ovid; but commoner wits may hope, and fail of that hoped for. — If I be famous while alive, why should I not be famous after death? — The cause is manifest — a certain affability, sweet and pleasant speech, a winning countenance and friendly look, gentle greeting, benefits bestowed on neighbours, defending of clients, hospitality toward strangers, courtesy toward companions; these

these do purchase fame to the living, but so soon as they are dead, or at most as long only as those who know them remain, a short period! their proud fame ends!

It is the course of nature that fame can alone be durable from holiness; and works that shall descend from one generation to another as eminent writings! As to praters, gowned gentlemen that walk in their silks, glitter in their jewels, and are pointed at by the people! all their bravery and pomp, their shew of knowledge, and their thundering speeches, last only with their lungs; and hard as it may seem, vanish into thin smoke:—For ambition or lucre are no witnesses of true praise. — I think I shall have fame after my death. — Fame never profited
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the dead, but hath often hurt the living: what procured the destruction of Cicero and Demosthenes, Socrates and also Zeno: foul and haggard envy of their fame and gaping covetousness!—What brought the chosen men of the great ship Argos to Colchis; but the fame of that king's riches; for what else was signified by the Golden Fleece but the riches seized by these thieves destitute of true riches and who were clad with fleeces not their own! To be true with thee, thy hopes have no end! health which is desirable but brings with it forgetfulness of mortality! long life, wherein thou shalt see much, and suffer much against thy liking; outlive those dear to thee, and perhaps thyself! beauty of the body of which I have warned thee the danger; power to offend,

fend, and long repentance in offending,
 great riches and fearful briars! continual
 care if it be obtained by merchandise,
 and terror at every wind; great dignity
 and hated pride! honour of the court,
 of pleas with dust and clamour; wed-
 lock and children, with contentions and
 cares! Wit and learning, a hammer for
 thy head to break sleep; commendation
 at thy burial, a nightingale's song, to a
 deaf ear; a name among posterity; a
 testimony from unknown and unvalued
 persons! an heir for thy estate! a friend
 to thy patrimony, and an argument to
 thyself thou art going and shalt not re-
 turn! these are thy hopes collected into
 a sum, I would quietness of mind and
 content were among them; for this thou
 mayest give unto thyself. — I hope also
 for

for quietness of mind.—Lay down then thy other weapons which do fight against this peace ; the covetous and ambitious passions of thy mind, and thou shalt have it. — I hope I may attain quietness.—I marvel from whence ye have this desire of hoping always ; and if ye do obtain ought ye hope for, ye are not a jot the more quiet ; again ye cast forth your hope to another thing, and from thence to another ; so that to-day is always lost in to-morrow ; and thus men wax old in hoping for that they might have found and enjoyed in themselves : in comparison of which human affairs are shadows, and they feed on wind who pursue them as realities, dream away their short lives and with these false hopes go forth to everlasting labour.—

labour. I hope, indeed! and that hope must be real, though all others were false. — I hope for life everlasting! Most assuredly excellent, beautiful holy, is this hope! if not blind and headlong, for there be some men who are always doing evil, and yet hoping for good, than which nothing can be more foolish—such the consanguinity and linking of virtues, that those who have hope, must also have faith and charity; if one of these be wanting, thy hope is a rash presumption. I hope humbly for everlasting life! Earthly lords do love to be hoped of; but by whom? truly, by these of whom they know themselves to be beloved; or who having been rebellious, have intreated their mercy by repentance. The heavenly Lord doth also expect this conduct, and that things are
done

done well: Amend thy temporal life, for that alone leadeth to the Eternal. — First, thou must hope for mercy, and afterwards for life! — and modestly must thou hope for both; happy, happy man! — if this, thy hope, fail not, and it surely will not fail: if after enjoying temperately, as I have shewn thee, thou must the pleasures: thou dost suffer patiently and courageously, what men call the ills of life.

If from beauty thy body becometh by sickness weak, or by accident deformed, what firebrands are not quenched, what adornment of mind is suggested by this great favour, which will remain with thee in thine old age, in thy bed, in thy bier, in thy grave, and bear thee up in beauty to heaven!

I fear the numerous evils that come on with declining life, and thou must allow that deformity of body, in age as well as in youth, is held in contempt. By the evil, it is; whose contempt is honour! If Paris had been so fortunate, Troy might have stood; and he might not have fallen wickedly. All men do desire the beauty of the body! Far otherwise: no good men desire, and many have rejected, this vanity: the Tuscan youth, of his own accord, mangled his well-favoured face, which he perceived to be suspected of many, enemy to his own good name, and hurtful to the honesty of others; far unlike thee in thy admiration! If beauty may be passed, a low stature is surely contemptible: why so? seeing all of this stature are more nimble, light, and dapper: and

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who

who can gainfay, that as a big man dwelleth in a little houle, fo may great virtue ; yea, and great courage dwell in a fmall body. Who ever complained of a fmall burthen ? Truly, to be forry that thou haft a body, fo ufeul a neceffary, and that thou art not oppreffed with its load, is a fine caufe of complaint ! Virtue requireth not the ftature of the body, but of the mind : if that be tall, right, magnificent, and comely, it mattereth not, believe me, what the other is ; no, not even in the field ! Marius chofe tough, not tall, foldiers ; length of body may carry majefty, but it is feen to diminifh from force. Alexander, Auguftus Cæfar, and King David, were low of ftature ; and I never heard that this did hinder their fame. But weaknefs doth oft attend the fmall. A fword
of

of steel may be hid in a rotten scabbard, and a sound mind in a crazy body : If so, thou art not indeed meet to bear burthens, nor to dig and plow land ; but for honest studies, and just superiorities : as in a ship, the stronger sort are set to handle the 'axe, but the wiser to guide the helm. If weakness doth repulse thee from viler functions, rejoice thou in the more noble ; and leave the others to ploughmen, sailors, and smiths. Milo, and Hercules, in age, could not excel thee in desired strength ; but the strength of Socrates, Solon, Nestor, and Cato ; did not decay with the vessels in which it was inclosed. There is a measure in all strength : Nature is most bountiful. The elephant and the oxe she hath made much stronger than any man. Dost thou then complain that she has not made

thee an ox or an elephant? Believe me, she distributeth to her children every thing that is sufficient for them; and is more loving toward them, than they are toward their own offspring. Inequality is the beauty of the world: take away variety; and the world must needs perish. But if the body is sickly, sure that is to be complained of? By no means; for sickness, is the guardian of modesty, and the friend of religion! thy body being only a certain house of thy mind. It will last a few days, the time of thy sojourning; or if it fall down, it will be thy happy egress from it, to an everlasting and undecaying mansion! — The strong in body and weak in wisdom, are most like to beasts. That excellent man, who from a low degree, from the water and his fishing nets, was advanced

to

to the skies ! and made a keeper of the gates of heaven ; whose only shadow drove away the sicknesses and infirmities of the body, being demanded sometime, why he suffered his own daughter to be molested with a grievous sickness ? answered, It is profitable for her it be so, as much as in thee lieth, cure thy own soul ; and thy body will either be cured, or freed by the heavenly Physician ! But it is painful to be sick. Certainly : and no pain is, for the present, joyous, but grievous ; nevertheless, it is a fine, a glorious pain ! for it worketh the fruits of righteousness in the patient. But poverty must be grievous !—yet she preserved the city of Rome many hundred years ; and when she left it, the city fell : But poverty in a house is lamentable ! her entrance is somewhat sharp

and bitter ; and like a wayfaring man, armed at all points : but when once received into familiarity, she will be a guest, nothing sumptuous, indeed ; but quiet and gentle. How can that be, when she breaketh the spirit ? The spirit of the proud she breaketh, but not the spirit of the humble : grievous to those that withstand her, but pleasant to them that give her place : them she preserveth from manifold evils ; for she is a passing diligent watcher ; she saveth them from thieves, and pleasures which are worse then thieves ! from absurd judgments of outward appearance ; from the infamy of covetousness and prodigality ; who set in the wide halls of the rich : but in the cottages of the poor, there is no room for pride ; no store for envy ; no fear of losses nor of deceit ; nor surfeits

feits and loathfomenefs ; nor of the gout :
that unfailing quest of the rich ! all
which being shut out of doors, health,
quietness, and virtue, shall have the
larger entertainment : and they will
bring their own welcome : But to be
denied proper food and apparel, cannot
be a comfort. Virtue is pleased with a
very little : Vice with no blessing that can
be given her. Virtue denieth nothing
but what would hurt being granted ;
and taketh away nothing but what it is
profitable to lose : she defereth nothing :
she commandeth nothing—she plucketh
not back her hand : she frowneth not :
she looketh not strangely : she despiseth
no man : she forsaketh no man : she
deceiveth no man : she chafeth not, she
rageth not, she changeth not ! she is
always one, and every where to be found

if fought truly: the more she is tasted, of the sweeter she seemeth; and the nearer she is beheld, the fairer every day than other she appeareth: affliction oft precedes, never, never, follows her steps! But to be bereft of the most valuable goods of life. If thou dost esteem gold and purple above the furniture of an honest mind, then will I say that thou art poor and bare indeed! virtue is not gotten by riches, but riches by virtue; sit not idly lamenting, but apply thy mind to some study or occupation that shall benefit thee: the philosopher Aristippus being cast by shipwreck on the Rhodian shore, being destitute of all things, and yet delighted with the strange beauty of the place, as may happen to a noble mind; glancing his eyes about, he by chance

chance fixed them upon certain geometrical descriptions, crying then aloud to his companions, he bade them be of good cheer, for they had not fallen upon a desert, but that he discerned the footsteps of men; from thence he got to the schools, and by his disputations won the admiration, and afterwards gained the friendship, of the greatest personages there; whereby he provided meat and drink, and apparel, for himself and his companions; who, when they departed, asked him what they should say to his friends when they came home: to which he made this answer—bid them prepare those riches for their children, which cannot perish by shipwreck, and which neither the tempests of the seas, nor the casualties of the land can take away!—

But

But if a mind as well as goods are wanting, what must a wretch then do? The first maketh light, but the second wretched indeed, being wholly men's own fault; unless by accident deprived of their wits, none can make this complaint with truth; but ye want fuel for your covetousness, and in that ye do indeed want all things: as to poverty, understanding will turn it to wealth; I do not mean riches, but such wealth as Valerius Publico, Menenius Agrippa, and Paulus Æmilius, conquerors of the Macedonian kings possess: the first were so poor as to be buried by the public; and the latter was obliged to sell his lands to restore his wife's dower. Attilius Regulus, Quintus Cincinnatus, and Cneus Scipio, were so poor, yea in household provisions, that the one of them
because

because of the death of his father, the other, for the dower of his daughter, were constrained to beg their discharge from the senate; but the senate, consulting better for the commonwealth, did relieve these most excellent citizens; and while the one was tilling his four poor acres of land, to him was the state committed: these did contemn riches, and having nothing but iron weapons, right hands, and most rich minds, vanquished their enemies, with their supposed invincible gold! Nor only a few citizens, but all Rome, while poor, was the fountain of true riches: but Nero, and Heliogabulus, who would forsooth use no vessel but of gold for the burthen of his stomach to be received in, when he well knew that the meats of the first glorious men, and even the sacrifices of the Gods!

were

were wont to be served in earthen vessels, they did overthrow that mighty empire! — Thou dost well see, that to pass life in travel has been the lot of the best, and the preservation of empires! — Cleanthes was constrained by need to draw water to water the herbs his garden supplied for his food; and Plautus to lift up loads of corn upon a hand engine: how great a philosopher was the one, how admired a poet the other; and when their work was done, part of the night wherein they should have taken their rest, such was the courage of their minds, the one applied to philosophy, the other to the writing of comedies to sell them for bread. Horace was born poor though raised; Pacunius lived poor; Virgil was sometime a poor man; until contrary
to

CHRIST OUR LORD! IN POVERTY. 237

to the common custom, riches happened unto his wit; but more courage is seen in those pious men, who gladly chose not only poverty, but hunger, thirst, nakedness, and misery, to preserve their integrity!

If by these ye are not moved, behold him by whom kings do reign; born in poverty, living in poverty, bearing all misery but sin, and fastened to the bitter cross! He whom all the elements obeyed—dying for the love of men! And yet they insolently contemn, or foolishly arraign, that very poverty which was thus glorified! But beggary must needs give dismay? Even from beggary, a state seldom needful but through idleness or accident, men have risen: Caius Marcus on a time hid himself in the
fens,

fens, and begged a little morsel of bread ; and Julius Cæsar, who left so rich a testament, was in the greatest straits when a young man. All this may be, but great poverty is a heavy thing ! I trow not : since it makes the possessor humble, light, and full of liberty. — They that go on a dangerous journey should not be incumbered, they should go light : thieves indeed thou shalt want ; and stubborn servants, and feigned friends, and fawning parasites, peradventure a discontented wife, and all the household flock of those that will laugh with thee to thy face, but mock at thee behind thy back ! Surely to speak nothing of security, humility, modesty, and sobriety ; if poverty brought none other good than thy deliverance from the tyranny of proud servants and deceitful

ceitful friends ; there were cause sufficient not only to suffer but to wish for poverty! But no one can wish for a spare diet, that cannot be commended!—Yet the lovers and patrons of virtue have delighted in it? Plato advised against filling the stomach twice in one day: Epicurius set his pleasure on herbs and fallads; and Cicero enforces this: beasts are said to devour: but indeed, it is according to due measure: not so the lords of beasts who exceed all proportion and all measure.

But some men may be said to come into the world poor, to be indeed poor before they are born. They must have a good memory if they did remember it; and a most delicate feeling if they did perceive it! However thou wast born
 thou

thou shalt die poor, unless the hung chamber and the golden funeral may warm thee in the last shivering fit of the ague; or the feathers that wave over thy bier, recal thee with their pomp from thy dark inclosure. Is it so, that as trappings and gallant furniture pleaseth an horse, they will likewise please the chest that is borne to thy sepulchre! Poverty hath also this final and great advantage; it will make thee depart with a calm and indifferent mind! Those cannot so live, or so depart; who are over-burthened with a world of children. To call children a burthen! who are ever accounted the chief gifts of felicity, happeneth only unto covetous and unthankful men. But to have a company of children, and live in need is dreadful! If they be made good and useful by their
parents,

parents, it is always seen they are an ease and a service to them; otherwise it is not their number but their manners that is to be complained of: but to be hemmed in by an army of children? And why not say accompanied, defended, and beautified! truly, not fathers only but mothers also have termed children their jewels: as did the famed Cornelia, when a very rich gentlewoman of Campania womanishly spread forth her fair ornaments before her: and wilt thou call them impediments? Camelia was rich; but how can a poor man feed such a posse of children? He that feedeth not only men, but fishes, beasts, and fowls, shall give meat to the industrious: he that cloatheth the sheep with wool, the fields with grass and flowers, and the woods with leaves and branches,

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shall

shall cloathe them? And who can tell but they shall not only feed and cloathe, but defend and honour their parents. The plentiful poverty of many I grant; but it is needful: what but this produces the fundry trades, and the manifold arts of life. O, how many children have I? Not more than King Priam, who had fifty; or Orodes, King of the Parthians, who had thirty; or Artaxeraxes, a hundred and fifteen: But these were the children of kings, and they lacked nothing. They were their power and force, and so may thine be: was Appius Claudius a king? no, he was poor and also blind; yet Tully writing of him, saith, five sons and five daughters, a great family, and a great resort of suitors did Appius govern, being both blind and old: human defects consist in the manners,

ners, not in the things: Appius had no state nor riches, neither did he desire them; but being content with his own calling, he decked up his small house, not with rich furniture, but with many virtues, and maintained his family with a temperate diet; thus wisely conforming his appetite to his ability: he was neither Cræsus nor Crassus, but happier than either. He lived not after the pattern of others, but as all good men do, after the pattern of his own revenue: princes feed daintily, and dress bravely! but it is not seen they live longer, no nor pleasanter: and so safe, so honest, and so virtuous, they may scarcely live; but to say truth far more foolishly: and therefore not merrily! it is a proverb from fact; merry in a cottage, sad in the court. But such a profusion of children driveth

mirth, and bringeth knowing care. What have the poor children done that they should have all thy restless mind heaped on them? A strange impatience to be oppressed with the real source of felicity: believe it, thine is the defect, not thy children.

What can a man do with so many daughters? who will give them dowrys? There is one God of all; he feedeth his sons and his daughters, all are his children, and he will endue all with the gifts and arts whereby they may live, and become honourable: trust in him and he will do it! What thou hast to do, is to bring up thy daughters, that they may be well liked, loved, and sought by those of upright judgment, without a dower.—Faustina had the Roman empire

pire to her dower : yet how many women without dower have been more chaste, and more fortunate. Endeavour thou that thy daughters not their money, may be desired ; that their honesty, their modesty, their integrity, their patience, their humility, their faithful obedience to thee, may be the precious jewels which adorn them, and attract others to them : with this fine gold ! with these modest virtues, they will have a sweeter life in houses of honest husbands than is to be found in the palaces of kings and the courts of princes ! But gold is desirable and necessary. As to that gold, that is dross and meer metal, though good for many purposes ; yet is it converted to sad uses ; to the sale of innocence, to the dejection of modesty, and to the most shameful niggardliness of spirit ! as it were fire to hang

the nose over, rather than for distribution. A certain noble and worthy gentleman in Italy, rich in ancient possessions but richer in virtues, howbeit not so in money, of which having but little he governed that little accordingly : — had a son, his eldest, who through great diligence in the judicial courts, and a most sparing turn of mind, got together a huge mass of gold : and it was strange to behold in the father youthful bountifulness, with his little ; and in the son, aged avarice with his plenty. His father oft times exhorted him not to defraud himself of his own, but to enjoy it, and help his old mother, his young brethren, his kinsfolk, and the poor ; this he often spoke to his son, but, as saith the proverb ; tell not a tale to the deaf, nor yet to the covetous. It happened not long after,

after, the young man was sent about affairs of the commonwealth unto the Pope of Rome, with certain special men. His father took occasion for his cure to have keys made by prints, to the doors of his chamber and his chest, and took away the treasure out of that lurking den where it lay, and profited nobody; and with it bought a fair house and furniture, and all the things necessary for a gentleman's estate; and moreover gave much to the poor; and the bags from whence he took the money, he filled full of sand and gravel; and sealing them up safely, left them where he found them, and making every thing fast, departed. On the return of the young man, he went immediately, as was his custom, to his coffers, which viewing all sealed and safe he contented himself for the present,

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but

but shortly after when his function was entirely finished; he would not rest till he gave himself the dear delight of opening his bags, and pouring forth to his sight his beloved money! shutting fast therefore the door, greedily breaking the seals, and finding his gold turned to sand; he made a loud outcry:—his father came running hastily, and said what is the matter, son, why dost thou cry out and weep? Oh, father, said he, I have lost all my money, which with so much labour, watching, and trouble, I had gotten together, and laid up in these bags: I am robbed thereof in this house. — How art thou robbed, answered the father; do I not see thy bags full even to bursting?—Oh, father, said he weeping piteously, but it is sand not money! — Then answered the old man,
with

with a countenance nothing changed; what skilleth it son to thee whether they be full of sand or money, since the one is as good shut up fast as the other, and none are then losers: go thy way and enjoy what is thy own. — But by gold we may become surety for a friend! — Give ever to thy poor or unfortunate friends as thou art able; gold, silver, wine, oil, corn, cloth, houseroom, counsel, and comfort, but keep to thyself thy sweet liberty; and never let that go from thee to any other! to give assurance for another at a distant time is superfluous, if thou canst give him freedom; if not, it is folly; for the day of payment in this life is not long after the day of promise; and events to thyself are not to be measured for hereafter; while

while the wheel of fortune turneth continually. Thales said it was a losing cast to enter into suretyship; and the poet Ausonius, become a surety, and thou art near a shrewd turn. The fire of purgatory shall not be staid till thy decease, for this error carries its purgatory daily with it, hampering and knawing the mind: I know scarcely a greater evil, except thou hast light on an unquiet wife, wet chaff set on fire, tiles clattering down about thy head, and such a wife are pretty sufficient for a man to drive him out of doors.

All women are not of that bad nature.—God forbid! but some, and great ones too, have been worse; they have put their husbands quite out of hearing; as the wife of Agamemnon and Scipio
Africa-

Africanus: If faults cannot be corrected, and correction is difficult, they must be borne; for the blame of thy choice lies in thy own carelessness and mis-judgment, or thy motives that may have justly deceived thee: if thou didst aim at her bags, and not at her temper of mind, thou must endure the bed thou hast made for thyself to lie on; if hard, so was thy motive; the more cause for thy patience: learn of Socrates and Hadrian, and Augustus, that most excellent and courteous prince; who were troubled with crabbed and unquiet peices in Sabina and Scribonia; nay, and also with rough behaviour, well deserving to be divorced as man thinketh, but meet for patience in the eyes of a better judge, who commandeth no one to put away his wife for such matters!—

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To whom may not this happen, seeing the motives to marriage are often so base, and the wisest err: even Cato, of a severe and invincible mind, unquietly married with a fierce and proud woman, and of a low stock; which I mention, that no man may hope to escape such trouble by thus matching, any more than by the rich and the proudly nurtured; for all lieth in the mind in both states; if that is unfought, quietness is vainly hoped for; but the love of going from home is most certainly purchased; dislike to return, and the tongue and the stick will be kept in continual exercise.— Yet may a man be patient seeing his wife is not unfaithful:—An evil far more bitter, since it marks with doubt the children thou mayst breed up for thine own,

own, and a company of such suspected innocents would be a dismay to thee indeed!

There are husbands also of very hard tempers, who require that virtue in their wives they will not take care of in themselves; they roam about and prey upon their neighbours; but if their wives are seen in the open street, or any man doth but look at them, or the poor wife glances an eye on one side, they cannot abide it, and straight accuse them of guilt! while they stile their own corrupt manners gallantry; and giving all liberty to themselves deny any to their wives, as though they were their tyrants not their husband's, and women not their fellow creatures in the house and family both of God and man; but rather their
hand-

handmaids, taken prisoners in battle, or bought for money; and as though the wife owed more service or fidelity than the husband, when there ought to be like duty, equal love, and mutual fidelity in marriage: but, these follies, this injustice in man, is so much the more censurable by how much the example of gravity and wisdom is more required in them; yea, it hath happened and that not seldom: that for want of such an example in a father, a whole family has been ruined, and the daughters have been let to wander about without guard; whose beginnings ought to have been well looked to: the fashioning of young things at first is easy; they should never be suffered to be idle, or allowed the trappings of luxury, to make them vain and insolent: they should be
fet

set to sewing and household affairs, and whatever can employ and improve their minds: they should be taught silence, humility, and attention; and should have a beloved witness, as a judge of their manners always near, not interested persons, using gentle encouragement and mild warnings; and then it is probable severity will not be needed. Labour and business, courtesy, and obedience; these are the doors, and bars, of honesty, industry, and chastity in thy several children; but a vile example in the parent, that is at the head, is destruction! sometimes it causeth the wife to go astray herself, or to abandon a house rendered so melancholy; or peradventure to die for grief in it: or if she lives, it is a life of daily death so to speak, with a disordered family, and a faithless husband!

There

there are those who would almost allow the injustice of wives, rather than the want of children to inherit their patrimony? Truly there are of all sorts, both husbands and wives! some that are hemed in with an army they want to get rid off; and others who wail for their deprivation: and others that they never had any! all such complaints are wretched folly: if the latter had bore the wished for son, what manner of man might he have proved! such an one, perhaps, as might have caused the father to wish he had never seen the light. Had the mother of Nero, Caius Caligula, and Commodus, been barren, the earth, which could hardly bear them, would have been freed from such monsters! What a daughter also had Augustus; what

what a son the beloved Germanicus !
Thus infamy sometimes springeth out of
light ! But this is not the ordinary
course of Providence, nor does such in-
famy ascend in such cases : and though
it may be reflected by some weak or ill
minds, it will vanish quickly as the
beams of the setting sun. Conscience
under all the winds of slander is the
haven, the closet of peace, to which
every good man may retire and rejoice
in his own bosom. The stain of infamy
is more often the work of envy, than of
desert : if such a man as Scipio Africanus
could receive it, why should others com-
plain ? fools love to insult and to jeer
over those they know their superiors :
but their jeers are the praise of the vir-
tuous, shewing their distance from such
slanderers whose whirlwinds of ignorance

R

shaketh

shaketh not them; or if it shake, overthroweth not: It is a certain token of excellence to fall by the tongues of those barkers, for common minds must have something to prattle about, some one to growl at: But for a time only their din lasteth: posterity will judge more justly than the present age, of all wise men! Endure all things therefore for virtue's sake! That noble queen who will restore the true lustre to every man's fame! to be censured unjustly, is an advantage: but to be praised unworthily brings no remedy: and therefore it is said, who so offendeth nor in words, is a perfect man; but also adds the same writer, no man can tame the tongue, that unquiet mischief—hence the proverb, slow to praise but more slow to dispraise. This preserves from unfaithful friends! Surely the
evil.

evil will of friends is very unnatural for speaking well of them ! Yet is it a most common thing, yea among relations; and which is more, among parents and children, brothers and sisters, nay husbands and wives ! there is no degree of kindred exempt from ill-will, at some time or other of their lives : those who lived well together in childhood, in youth fall out for inheritance; and when old, for legacies. As to intimates proving unthankful and hard, they may well be dropped who appear to be of such a nature; as Cato advises, rip up, saith he, those common friendships that do not answer, and plague not thyself perpetually. A thankful temper is praised by barbarians : no people, so savage, who do not commend it. I will have nothing to do with the unthankful ! Take heed that thou art not

one of them thyself! do not love finding fault, and dissecting as it were the qualities of thy friend: which sharp cauterising will more hurt thy friend than thy kindness may have done him good. It is a common but most unpleasant evil to be pressing upon the errors of others; unveiling and laying them bare: a man gains a moment's repute hereby to himself, with years of discontent from those he uses so roughly. Of all tempers this is the most unfriendly to affection, and is this unthankfulness in thee if thou art guilty of it: and by indulging it: thy former benefits will become void.

But what is to be done with importunate neighbours, who are proud and tattling, and who, do what I can, will break in upon me?—The Satirick poet
faith,

faith, there is greater agreement among serpents and wild beasts, than among men; for beasts are sometimes at quiet, but men never! and it oft happeneth, that where there is most plenty, of near neighbours, there is the greatest distance of minds and good will; spite goes not so far as the kings of Arabia or India: she is bleare eyed, and cannot see afar off, therefore she takes up her abode among near neighbours; and if thou wouldst be entirely discharged of this mischief thou must go hide thyself in the wilderness! indeed it is better to live in a desert than to wound others or be wounded ones self continually, but all should hate in this world even their bitterest enemies, as if they were to love and rejoice in them, in the next: and therefore gentleness and superior curtesy is the proudest distinction

of a man, who is forbidden to revenge him on any, and to bear patiently what he cannot amend: much of the envy there is among neighbours must therefore be borne, if thou wilt live among men; for it is as universal as their abodes: look into all lands, all ages, peruse all histories, thou shalt scarcely find a man of any excellency free from this pestilence. Cowardice and misery may escape envy, but no degree of excellence, however small.— But it is hard to endure contempt for virtue! — It is hard then to be joined with great men! Therfites contemned Achilles; Zoilus, Homer, Augustus, Virgil, and Cicero: but above all, Herod, the most vile and miserable of all men, contemned Christ our Lord! but what did this contempt hurt either the contemned, or avail the contemner? —

But

But scorn is not to be borne!—By him that would have God to love him, it is not only to be borne, but to be pitied! for he that despiseth his brother, can he expect that God will be his friend? — Surely, then, no one can be more pitiable than such a forlorn wretch: also by softness, hatred may be appeased: modesty has melted down envy, and worthy deeds must in the end overbear contempt: than Brutus none more contemned, at the beginning, but afterward no man more highly esteemed.—But is a tyrant also to be borne? — Perhaps the state hath need of punishment; and then he will be the executioner of God's justice. Punishment, surely, is an evil thing! But it is profitable against vice; and as a bridle to the unbridled; and those who

know not how to love virtue must be taught to fear her by calamity: for this end are tyrants permitted by God! as also for their own punishment; for nothing is more miserable than a tyrant, which if thou doubt, behold Damocles with his pendant sword! But there is a difference in this point!—The misery of the people doth appear, but the misery of the tyrant lyeth closely hidden.

Doth the wound that is covered with a purple robe gall with less sharpness? Do fetters of gold pinch a man less than fetters of iron? or do tyrants escape the hissings of the people while yet unrevenge'd? yet is this revenge by no means to be taken without clear discernment of its justice and necessity: the innocent are not to be driven headlong
out

out of life to punish the guilty: but where more would perish if the latter were continued, which is very difficult of discernment, and appertains not to weak judgments and violent spirits! The philosophers have said, nothing violent continues long, which if true, violent evils carry their own remedies, and the intervention of men must follow, not force the tumult. — But if for the quiet of the state a tyrant is to be some time borne with, is a hard father also to be submitted to?—What may he have suffered from thy obstinacy while a child; or thy folly when a youth! see that by opposing thou be not hard unto him, and an evil example to his family: his troubles may have caused him to be sour; perhaps his troubles for thee. — If thy father is hard, thy mother may be most gentle

gentle and kind, and may need thy utmost care to soften her anguish, which disobedience to thy father would increase: believe me, nothing so loving to a parent's care as the gentleness of a child; if parent and child contend sweetly which shall excel in love, let them have the victory upon whom the fountain of heavenly charity is most copiously shed. I have a loving mother. — Remember then well, that thou wast first a burden, afterward a bitter pain, and lastly, a continual carefulness unto her: think of the sleeps, the meals, the pleasures thou hast broken, by thy crying, thy falling, thy tricks in childhood, and the dread of thy death: in youth! how many wretched mothers have ended their lives from their fears in after; as well as from their agonies at the beginning

ginning of a child's life. — After the slaughter of Thrasymene, two mothers, who believing their sons slain in the battle, ran forth to be assured how the matter was, perceived them coming in safety; but not being able to sustain such a flood of joy, they died on the spot. — By such examples it is verified, that amongst men there is no greater ingratitude than that which is shewed against the mother. I have also good brethren: A marvel! the first that were in this world was evil; and were we to speak of the after-comers in fraternity, what horrors or ill treatment must we relate— But to pass these, few brethren do love truly, owing, possibly to the great equality: as to brothers, they should be parents to their sisters, if they lose their earthly parent; but they too often answer

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as did furly Cain, and though they do not kill with a weapon they slay the heart.— How few children can abide a step dame ! this also is an evil that wants remedy, for indeed those who take the care of a family, not their own ; are more worthy of compassion and love than of repulse if they act justly ; for all eyes are on them, and all tongues against them : and with these the humours of children combine to weary them out of their lives ; and every ill in the children is imputed to them : but the wise, judge otherwise, and when the father is gone, the truth is beheld. When he that was wont to care for all is gone, then must the care-
less care for themselves !

I could not endure the loss of my mother ! Yet nature tells thee thou must
endure

endure it : mild and good thou dost say she has been, and couldst thou grudge her resting from labour, and ascending to everlasting peace ! Most likely her death would be acceptable to her, fearing she might see those so before her whom she so loved : and then would she depart in sorrow and grievous lamentation. I marvel from what I feel and behold, that any one can bring up a child not their own ! he is child to the common father, and charity is the fosterer ; and therefore the deed is precious to God ! Why love the children born in the private house, and not the children born in God's house ? Innocence is its protection ; whatever was the deed of its parents, it is dear to the good. But many suspect their wives, and ill-treat their own children on this account : Grievous

vous

vous folly worthy of punishment!
There was a certain nobleman who
had to wife, a gentlewoman of equal
beauty and parentage, but somewhat
doubted; by her he had one most beau-
tiful son, whom, when his mother held
in her lap, on a time perceiving her
husband sigh and look careful, she de-
manded of him what was the cause of
his heaviness: he sighing again replied,
I had rather than one half of my lands
that I were as sure this boy were mine,
as thou art that he is thine: whereto
she answered, not a whit, moved either
in mind or countenance: truly the mat-
ter shall not cost thee so great a price,
give me an hundred acres of pasture land
whereon I may feed my cattle, and I will
resolve thee in this matter: then send-
ing for such noblemen and gentlemen as
dwelt

dwelt near at hand, and causing her husband to give his word for the performance of his promise, she held up her young son in her arms, and turning him to the company ; Is this my child indeed, said she ? And when they all answered, Yea, she stretched forth her arms and delivered him unto her husband ; Here, said she, take him, I give him thee freely ; and now be assured that he is thine ! Then all that stood by broke forth in laughter, gave judgment on the woman's side, and condemned the husband by all their verdicts. The like to this is oft times seen ; the first days of marriage are spent in revels, the residue of life in suspicion and brawls : in both to blame ; for as the beginning was unseemly, the end cannot be well ; at least surely the first year should be dedicated

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to domestic peace and honesty, if all others should wretchedly fail: of which there is a memorable story and a merry one on a shore near to the ocean, and lying right over against Britain, a certain poor woman, fair and well favoured, but a notable harlot, who had twelve small children by as many several men, each of them but a year older than the other, being sick, when she perceived that the hour of death was come, she caused her husband to be called unto her: this is no time to dissemble, said she, there is none of all these children thine, but the eldest only: for the first year that we were married I lived honestly: it chanced that at the same time, all the children sat on the ground, round about the fire, eating, according to the manner of the country: —at which words the good man was
 amazed,

amazed, and the children heard their mother's words, whose fathers she reckoned up all by name as they were in order of years; which thing the youngest of these children hearing, he immediately laid down his bread, which was in his right hand, and the rape root which he had in his left, upon the ground before him, trembling with fear and holding up his hands, after the manner of them that pray; Now good mother, quoth he, give me a good father: and when ending her speech, she told who was father to the youngest, namely a certain famous rich man:—the child taking up his bread and meat again into his hands: that is well, said he, I have got a good father! All suspicion is useless; from whence is said, better to be deceived than to doubt. And truly if happiness is desired it is so,

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for

for doubt is an endless pain : and when those we doubted die, the grief is sharper. But true friends are never doubted ! Indeed men are more delicate with friends than those born in the house, or united in wedlock ; and the reason seemeth this, they may depart at a moment in grief or quarrel, and therefore greater care is used. But even these became at sometimes wearisome, and at others feel offended for trifles : and if the offence is smothered, it anon blazeth out the more strongly ; but when the friend is gone all his good is remembered, all the sweetness, and none of the cares and anxieties : no more anger or sorrow for short stays or for departings ; but all is alive to the heart, and alive in reality, though absent for a short space : wherefore Lelius said, my friend Scipio liveth still to me.

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But death doth most certainly take away the friend! His body he taketh; but as for friendship and friend, that he reacheth not; who could not be of so great price if he could be so lost: absent he is for a time, and in the same manner as on a journey to thee; but far different to himself, for he is freed from all the rocks and shelves to which thou art yet subject, a matter of joy to a true friend. How many, in parts of the world distant, do seem to possess their friends, though the delight is taken from the eyes, but not from the mind: and a poet said of such, they all stand before my eyes: in both cases plenty and comfort dulleth; scarcity and loss sharpeneth the sense of good: how much to be preferred is the sweetness of such remembrance, than knowing thy friend on earth, thou didst

hear of his grievous shipwreck on some barren land; or that he were drenched in the surges of the bottomless sea! how wouldst thou then see the mountains of water foaming; their waves up to heaven swelling; what fearful tales hear in the wintry night, whilst thou, though warm and safe by thy fireside felt nothing but chilling horror!—Or suppose thy friend, by accident or conflagration, had suffered the more fearful death of burning, as did Tullus Hostilius, who was consumed with fire in the palace at Rome; and Charus the emperor, in his tents near unto the Tigris, for what a multitude of persons and edifices have perished by fire; the great temple of Diana at Ephesus, a goodlier piece of work was never seen: the temple of Jerusalem, to say nothing of little cities
and

and innumerable other places; so that a friend may as well perish by this so common mishap as by any other accident. And say not I am hard, but it is still only death:—which must come; and if it come by softer means take refuge in that, and reflect, that it is oft the remedy for great labour of mind and wearisomeness of body. To omit philosophers and poets, who scarcely earn, in their nightly vigils, their scanty morsels! The rising early and watching late of artificers and labourers, of kings and others, I have shewn thee; and however painful, it is the base of virtue: but some men's sloth is so great they fret at all things, and all things to them is a fore mortification; nay, a small journey to them is worse than death! — And if to be taken on their feet certainly it

is so.—Would they then go on the feet of another?—Such would not, it should seem, see with their own eyes, or handle with their own hands; would they have another also taste for them, would they smell with the nose of another; or have them enjoy for them their mean pleasures: what a strange matter is this!—But it is painful to some to use the labour of walking.—Did they come then into the world on horseback: or will they so ride out of it? is it not a madness thus to make the use of a four-footed beast, always uncertain and often dangerous, the means of losing and foregoing the singular benefit of nature, the use of their own feet: unto such men what might one wish better than the rich gout; that is to say, unprofitable feet and many horses! A journey on foot
hath

hath most pleasant commodities ; a man may go at his pleasure ; none shall stay him, none shall carry him beyond his wish ; none shall trouble him ; none shall shake, jostle, throw him down : he has but one labour, the labour of nature—to go ; no business to transact, no trouble to settle with his bearer : he shall not be constrained to bridle and rein in his horse ; to spur and beat him, to water and litter him ; to walk and rub him, to feed and curry him ; to anoint his fore back, or to feel his dry hoofs and dangerous shoes ; and in the night to have his sleep disturbed on his account. But to take a long journey on the feet is very wearisome. !—The Apostles, the messengers of Almighty God, walked about the world !—Sometimes they went by water :—I grant it, but fel-

dom; and when the situation of the place rendered it necessary; but I have not heard of their riding on horseback, except St. John once, with godly haste, to recover the soul of a lost young man, as St. Clements writeth: as to the Lord of glory, he rode once on a poor ass; but his life was worn out on foot;— These are divine not human examples! The Apostles were human, but if their goodness doth burden thee, look at the Roman armies, who were for the most part footmen, who not only carried their armour and weapons on foot, but also as much victuals as should serve them many days; also munition whereby they defended their camp in the day-time, and their tents at night, when they entered their enemy's bounds! — Unto Roman soldiers only said Cicero, their

their armour and weapons stood them in stead of arms and shoulders, and when they put on these warlike burthens, then only they thought themselves apparelled!—Thou, I suppose, dost think it hard to walk in shoes when the holy fathers went bare in the wilderness? — A lofty mind will aspire after what others have done in much greater things, even in difficulties, pains, and death; but when it is for the most pleasant of all exercises, and the most wholesome to man's body, where is the distress? But the mind feels its cares in walking! —Noble and sweet cares of the mind are charming company to a wise and good man; and if he may add to this, the pleasant society of some merry and eloquent companion the journey shall not only seem short and light, but delightful.

lightful! Many have been so delighted with such pleasant communication under the bright canopy of heaven, and the refreshing breezes of air, wafting on all sides, that they have felt no tediousness in travel though the way was long; but have cried out they did not seem to go but to be carried along; and Publius said, a pleasant companion on the way is as good as a waggon. But persons must have strength to do this. — Strength cometh by use, and will increase by habit, it is generally idle laziness, that renders men weak in body as well as weak in mind; to stir and be stirred up continually is meet for men, and labour will cease to terrify when an intimate, but as a stranger it is very formidable to pusillanimity.— But the great dangers of such travels thou wilt allow both from men and wild beasts.

beasts. — I will allow the slothful man faith there is a lion in the way! thieves live in cities as well as roam on the highways; Julius Cæsar fell into their hands in the capitol: in what place art thou safe from evil? truly in none that I know of: not with so great study do hunters set gins for wild beasts, or fowlers nets for birds, as crafty men to deceive the simple: this hath its good; it produces circumspection.—I have told thee how Augustus was deceived by the dying, though an emperor; and such have been the dread of thieves that men have forsaken houses and palaces for cots; a very inconvenient change, and pinching to the mind: — No house is so narrow but that a liberal mind will add to its dimensions: Julius Cæsar was born in such a one; Romulus and Remus brought

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brought up in a shepherd's cottage; Diogenes lived in a tub; and Hilorian under a shed; the Holy Fathers, in caves under ground for stillness; as thieves have also done for concealment. — If the walls are able to keep out thieves, and the wind, and the tumults of the people; if the roof will fence from cold and heat, sun and rain; let the lofty towers become as they are fit; dwellings for the fowls of the air, for pride to lift itself up in; for covetousness to stow its dross, and for luxury to destroy the health! but virtue hath scorn of no habitation unless it be possessed with vices. How many have sustained not only a small house but banishment from a great one with courage; their trouble hath oft gained singular fame, as flints by knocking together produce bright sparks

sparks of fire. Camillus was one of these; who saved his ungrateful country that had banished him. Marcellus and Cicero employed their hours of exile as they had been sent to a school of virtue, not a prison. I think they have suffered great hardship to be put away from their own country. That is accounted a base mind that it so bound to one silly corner of the earth that when out of *that*, he bewaileth: when Socrates was asked of his country, he replied, I was born in the world! Every land, saith Ovid, is to a valiant man his native country: and Statius saith, every country is the natural foil of a man; this is the bounty of heaven, for it is not so with meer animals who generally dwindle or perish in other climes. The three Scipios went voluntarily into banishment, but their
names

names remain on an everlasting foundation. The wings of the Almighty stretch over all space, extend beyond all time, and cover as with a shield the virtuous, whether exiled abroad, imprisoned, or besieged at home ! Troy was besieged, Tyre, and Carthage ; Saint Ambrose, and Saint Augustin, within their walls. Who is not besieged ? I pray thee ? some are besieged with sin, some with sickness, some with enemies, some with cares, some with business, some with idleness, some with riches, some with poverty, some with slander, and some with tedious renown : reflect on Archimedes, when besieged, how he was sheltered, his mind was not vulnerable to fear ; a poor man, at Aretum also becoming very old, was heard to say, he had never passed the

the city gates : it is probable if the place had been besieged, this same quiet man would have known no more of it than Archemedes. But what sayest thou if a country is totally destroyed? I have mentioned such to thee, when I spoke of Troy and Tyre ! can a country be immortal, when the whole world is transitory ! when the heaven and the earth shall fail, when the mountains and the seas shall be moved ? Cities have their dying days as well as men, but they are fewer and it happeneth feldomer ; only souls are unperishing, and therefore the disagreement of a wavering mind is worse than any outward conflicts. The factions of the streets are nothing like the factions of the soul ! these besiegers admit no relief from without — lacking this quietness within, ye must be miserable.

Then

Then none can be happy; for all are sometimes unquiet—Vice is always variable, and therefore the many are so; and are tossed about as ships in a storm.

Uniformity of life is beautiful; Socrates possessed it among the Grecians; Lelius among your countrymen; even the wounds of the body have been kissed, and honoured. Scena, a captain of Cæsar, received this homage, as if paid to relics: Marcus Sergius losing his right hand in the Punic war, had one made of iron wherewith he went to many battles. — Ciniger the Athenian, when both hands were cut off, held his enemies ships with his teeth: these persons thought nothing of the parts of their bodies, but of immortal fame, the only friend

friend and safe mansion for the soul is virtue; she has neither castle nor tower, town nor turret! in earthly castles all men are sometime bewrayed; in this never! prudence and fortitude are her centinels; justice, industry, and humanity are her strong lines of circumvallation! none will envy, none invade this house of humanity, this domicil of faith and love! Alas! I am far from this fearless quiet, I dread the loss of my wife; the unruly temper of a wretched son, or that dying myself, my wife should marry again!

If a physician should free thee from a tertian fever, thou wouldst give him both thanks and money; but what reward wouldst thou think sufficient

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for him that would rid thee of a quotidian? If thou go alone, and without luggage, thou shalt go the readier whithersoever thou art going. But should I die first; what will my beloved wife do? Perhaps she will marry again: what is that to thee?—What will my dear wife do when I am gone? — Being discharged from thy yoke, she will either go again into bondage, or being free, seek how to pass her life quietly and at liberty.—What will my most loving wife do if I die? — Dost thou ask what she will do when she hath escaped from thee? and knowest not what she did when she was under thy subjection; the most part of mortal men being ignorant what is done in their own houses, hearken to what is done in heaven and in earth! truly, what shall become of
thy

thy wife, let herself or her next husband look to that, since the care when thou art gone will no longer appertain to thee. — I am terrified lest after my decease my wife do marry again. — Why dost thou bind thy wife to thy cold and senseless ashes! if she have lived faithful and true to thee to the last day of thy life, then hath she accomplished the duty and faith she promised.—O I dread lest my dear wife should marry again.—Perhaps that she first married she ought to have feared more than thou fearest her marrying again; that shall appertain to another, not to thee.—I would not, I confess, have my wife marry again. — For a woman of an exact and delicate mind, I grant, although permitted by law, it is most commonly wisdom to abstain; but there is oft occasion and

necessity to run this hazard ; above all if the husband's life is short seeing the peril of widows left young is great.—My sweet wife will marry another I foresee it ! — Not thy wife, for when death dissolves the tie, she is no longer thine : and say she marry for virtue or for affection, so have the wives of the Roman captains, of dukes, and emperors, and many of them widows also. King David took to wife two widows, and it may happen that one greater than thou art, may marry her that is now thy wife ; thou ought readily to resign to him thy carefulness, seeing thou goest where there is no marrying at all ! — I fear me I shall go ; and she will marry ! — If death dissolveth the bands whereby the soul and body are kept together, well may it dissolve those of man and wife :

wife: if she marry a good husband thou ought to rejoice at her prosperity whom thou lovest; if a worse than thyself, she will think the more upon thee, and hold thee more dear; and then thou wilt obtain what thou lookest for, which is not unlikely; for many women have learnt the value of their first husbands by the involving themselves in second marriages.

Besides this, I have much to fear from the stubborn temper of my son. — It is meet that thou who couldst not bear with the temper of thy own father, shouldest suffer from that of thy son, all things come back in the course of time to the actor in human life! every injustice recoils and rebounds as it were on itself, either secretly or openly: of this truth all would be convinced, if they would put their eyes at the back of their

head! I suffer grievously! for that my son by his secret wiles has beguiled the affections of innocence without any view to the holy rites of marriage: and thus bereaved of peace, though not of virtue! The paw of the lion, and the tusks of the wild boar are less cruel! I suffer from an insolent son! At length, perhaps thou dost understand what thy father might have cause to think of thee, by whom he was despised.—I suffer from a rebellious son.—Thou art not alone; Mithridates that was king of Pontus; Severus the emperor of Rome; and David the king of Israel, had all rebellious sons; and many years after a seditious young prince as the bruit goeth, disturbed the common quiet of the realm of Britain.—My son is ungodly.—A little time will shew him this sin; for verily no youth liveth profanely but his punishment is at hand;

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it may be the gnawing of his heart is already begun!—My son is of a slothful mind.—Didst thou not forget what I advised thee; the making him diligent from a child; hast thou taught him the right way, or let his mind through thy own carelessness go unpruned? Scipio Africanus had a very degenerate son, yet he loved him; and in truth, the want of virtue is so wretched a thing, that it has need of all thy mercifulness and pity! if virtue be not in thy son, love him because he is thy son; if not for that cause, because he is a man; if thou wilt hold to neither of these, yet have compassion on his wretched state! — The bad life my son leads obliges me to severity. — If there remaineth the least spark of hope, incline thyself unto mercy, and remember thou art a father, not a judge! forget not that saying of Terence, even for

a great fault a father ought to punish lightly, for the father with the son must ascend the tribunal of God!—How lamentable to me was the son I lost! that son loved and obeyed me!—Mourn not for him who is only gone before thee; thy waggon is pacing on in the same road.—I am grieved for the lack of this my son. — Not to be able to suffer a want for a short time is the part of a child; unto a man nothing short is worthy of grief; soon shalt thou find him thou desirest: Plato will instruct thee in this matter; Cato himself; Pericles, and Xenophon, scholars unto Socrates, and school-fellows with Plato; they will teach thee. Go to him that was both a prophet and a king! he wept for his child when it was sick; but when it was dead he was comforted. To lament for things irrecoverable is folly, not affection;

tion; impatience, not piety! the Spartan woman when told her son was slain in battle, nobly replied, therefore did I bear him that he should not fear to die for his country!

Linia laid down her mourning when her son of honourable birth, and who had right to the empire, was once laid into the ground. She left off weeping, but she never left off the dear remembrance of her child! Cornelia the Elder having lost many children, yea all that she had; some of whom she beheld slain by the people and laying on the earth unburied, when as other women most ruefully bewailed her woeful case, answered them in this wise; Judge me not unhappy! that I have borne such sons is my glory. A worthy and noble woman! that was not stunned with the
present

present misery, but comforted herself with the forepast felicity, and the remembrance of enjoyed good: far unlike her sex, who impatiently moan at every trifling grievance, and like the common multitude, as they are forgetful and unthankful in prosperity, so they are whining and impatient under adversity, an evil condition most injurious to prudence most fatal to the health both of soul and body. And shalt not thou, being a man, bear thy single grief! I am far from such unheard of courage. I have lost my son! If he were a dutiful son, there is no cause to fear his estate: he is well! Death hath taken away my son before his time. That cannot be said to be done out of due time which belongeth to no distinct period of it; into all ages, I have told thee, death hath a direct entrance,

trance, but into youth innumerable ! I remain without my son ! Had he turned against thee as the beautiful Absolam did against his father, given thee days of care, and nights of inextricable anguish, and fell leagued with thy enemy ! had he, as many children do, watched for the coming of thy grey hairs ; told thy wrinkles ; examined thy living ; found fault with thy expences, as lessening his patrimony, and blamed the staying of death from thee ! Wouldest thou have had less cause for the mourning thou now makest ? I am cast down by the grievous loss of my son, I weep continually ! death hath deceived me—I did not think he would have died so soon—great love promiseth itself every thing, and will not believe but that its pleasures are everlasting ; this infirmity of the mind
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withdraweth from the light of truth the greater part of human actions are superfluous: of what avail is weeping? it may hurt thee, but it cannot bring thy son again; as that king conceived right well of whom I spoke before! Hear what Anaxagores saith, old men stagger, young men make haste, children run headlong, and infants at their entrance slip out of life! one man more speedily, another more slowly; one more ripe, another green: but death is the goal of all!—I cannot cease to weep for the death of my son.—Thou shouldest rather have wept at his birth, it was then he began to die; now, he begins to live! weep no more, his perils are passed: place him before thy eyes in blessed security! every burthen dropped, every sweetness perfected: yea reflect that if tears had any
spring

spring above, his would flow for the misery he doth cause unto thee! believing him, thy witness disturb not his bliss! believing what is certain, that God beholds thee, cease thou to repine at his holy mandate! I can scarcely speak or move I am so heavy with grief! Apply to some labour, all virtue lieth on high; many a crag, many a stone, must be removed to attain her summit! all things that produce sloth are evil. I am weary through excess of grief! Thou wilt not become light by indulging it: if thou canst not at this present, labour with thy mind, labour with thy body; that shall help to restore thee; at all times labour is good and proper: indeed there is nothing commendable, nothing excellent, without travel either of mind or body. It was labour on which was
founded

founded, the praise of Hercules, and the commendation of Ulysses ; it was labour advanced the Roman captains ; the Scipios and Camillus, the Fabii and the Curii, the Fabricus and the Metelli ! and did not labour exalt Pompey, Hannibal, and Julius Cæsar to honour ! I have mentioned to thee Cato and Marius : as to philosophers, what is their whole life but a pleasant labour of mind ! and what the travel of artificers, who rise up early and oft set up late ! peruse over all sorts of men, where there is either virtue or fame acquired there must be labour : the world seemeth to be divided into labour, pleasure, and idleness : wouldest thou know the difference, compare Sardapulus with Hercules ; Sargius with Regulus ; Apicius with Marius ; and Nabal wirth Uriah ! Of all slothful things

things grief is the first to be discouraged, for no man indulging it is fit for ought. Grief enfeebles the body, sinks the soul, and burys it as it were alive in the earth ! Labour alone will cure this cruel disease, this enemy of comfort ! — Neither private men nor the sons of kings can ascend to glory without labour : add to this, there is not time for grief in this short life ; and if thou wilt gain the next, thou must not grudge at that thy maker willeth thee to bear. How beautiful was David's submission, how wise his return to his public duties ! Thou also hast duties, though not those of a king, that it behoves thee to attend ! rise up, shake off thy lethargic sorrow, give an example of submission to those around thee ; cheer up the temper of thy soul : fretfulness
fits

sits with grief, and oft wearys out compassion ! let the friendly, the grateful shower fall : but deny not the gladdening sun beams their restoring power ! be no longer thy own exile from peace, and conceive thou truly there is no mischief, nor any real evil in the whole world but sin. I do confess at all times I am subject to an oppressed mind, doubtful and wavering within itself : then the parts of thy soul are in a civil war, I know no greater evil : it may be said of thy mind as of the war between Pompey and Cæsar, here stood brethren, and there was shed the parents' blood ! much more may this be said of a mind distracted with everlasting cares, wounding and slaying itself. My mind is become wavering with afflictions. As the ague of bodies cometh through contrary
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and corrupt humour, so contrary and dulling affections engender the ague of minds: the more dangerous by how much the mind is more noble than the body: my mind is ever at debate—and chooseth not what it would: Let it once begin to choose, and choose right, the debate will end; this is the beginning of concord, and the end of strife. If thy self-counsel fails, compel thy ignoble part to obey its rightful sovereign, for till that be brought about never look for peace; and lacking quietness of mind, what is worth thy having! I am distracted, I know not what I would! No new thing I venture: and thou hast companions enough in this disease; troubled not once or twice, but all their life time, thus tossed about and tormented! Oh how heavily my cares oppress me!

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Like

Like a ship without its anchor thou
dancest on the waves even in the sight
of port, and art a notable gazing stock
for all men ! You are fallen from your
native seat of royalty, the dignity of your
own mind ! Why wilt thou not return
to it again ! I find it impossible ; and
therefore I mean to rid me of a life of
which I am so weary ! — At one time
to fear a thing, and at another to wish
for it, is all the constancy you have,
erewhile womanishly fearing death ; now
unmanly seeking the same. I am en-
forced to seek this remedy of woe ! —
If thou be enforced then is it not a vo-
luntary act of thy own ; truly it is no
free will ; but I would fain know by
whom thou art enforced ; whoso is un-
willing may have violent hands laid upon
him ; but thou canst do thyself no vio-
lence

lence unless thou wert willing thereto. There are great causes that force me thus to will! — They be great indeed if they enforce thee; but they could not enforce thee if thou wert a man! hearken if I cannot guess the causes even at once: anger, disdain, impatience, a kind of furious forgetfulness what thou art, and to whom thou dost belong; for if thou didst remember thou wert a man, thou wouldst take all worldly chances in good part, and not for one small evil, or rather no evil at all, leap into the greatest that can befall thee, desperation! for which no remedy shall be found, as saith Virgil; these, without cause, procured their own death, and hating the light poured out their own souls! and he addeth of their late repentance; how

would they now be to return into this world again, to abide poverty and all adversity! Unquiet creature that thou art! you must kill yourself or kill another if every thing fall not out as ye would have it:—I have spoken to thee of revenge and its horrible effects! The murder of another from covetousness, passion, or lust; and the murder of thyself, from real cowardice, angry vexation, or unsubdued grief, have the same source, and for the least cause, or rather apprehended cause alone, both are oftentimes perpetrated!—thus blaspheming your Maker, and as it were arming yourselves and others against him! — ye rush into his holy presence, and without permission quit his appointed standard!—It is not contempt of God, it is extreme

treme misery that makes me choose to die. — Rather say, the loathing of life, and cowardly impotence, a common fault among evil men and fools! for unto the wise and good every kind of life is pleasant; the happy, they accept cheerfully, the sad they endure patiently and courageously; yea, they are delighted in the exercise of this patience; it is sweet! it is precious! it assuageth grief; it amendeth what is amiss; it mollifieth that which is hard; mitigateth that which is sharp; smootheneth that which is rough; and levelleth that which is uneven! thus complaints surcease; hasty and stubborn passions depart: and all the clouds and storms which driveth thy bark on the rocks disappear and vanish away for ever! — My aim is death! — Thy aim is proud and weak! didst thou make the timber and

stone of thy own building? lookest thou for more authority over it than the lord and maker, who hath not only created the spirit, but also the flesh, the blood, and the bones; and all out of nothing! Where is thy dominion then over thy body; is it not the Lord's? Verily thou art but a tenant, no master over this house of clay; he that made thee and all, is Lord of all! attend his command; answer when thou art called, and not before! I have Cato for my example, and Seneca for my defence. — I grieve to condemn such great men; but I have strangely wondered indeed, how so cruel an opinion could enter into the heart of so worthy a man as Seneca, who does indeed say I will leap out of this ruinous building of my body — but O Seneca, thou sayst not well! and with one disgraceful sentence

sentence hast clouded thy better passages
 and the brightness of thy mind ; for thou
 hast spoken contrary to the command of
 the most high Lord ! — against which
 nothing can be well done. As for Cato,
 though his death was commended by
 many ; yet by others it was sharply re-
 prehended ; among whom was Saint Au-
 gustin, a most acute searcher after truth :
 who saith it was not because Cato would
 not live under the empire of Cæsar, he
 killed himself, but envy of his greatness!
 for he thought Cæsar worthy to grant
 life to his son, why then not to himself?
 What terror was there in Cæsar that he
 should seek to avoid him by death, who
 not only of all princes, but of all men
 was the most merciful ! — And another
 great writer saith, Cato sought occasion
 to die, not so much to escape Cæsar's

hands as to follow the principles of the Stoicks ; and by some notable deed to give his name to posterity: briefly then, as thou hast advanced Cato in this matter of whom I have spoken, I will advance to thee one of worthier imitation in conclusion.

There was of late days one Stephanus Columnenfus, a gentleman of ancient virtue, who being besieged by a mighty enemy of his, unto whom he was in power far unequal ; he committed the defence of one turret, wherein there seemed to be most danger, unto one of his captains, of whose trust he was assured: this turret being undermined so that it was in danger of falling, when the residue of the garrison perceived and forsook it; they desired this captain to
come

come down also, and provide for his safety, since it was bootless to tarry; and to himself very dangerous, or rather certain death. — I will not come down, said he, unless he call me away who set me here!

Such a firm keeper ought thou to be of thy body, which is committed unto thee for the wisest purposes, as he was of his turret; it may not be forced by thee till the due time for its surrender. But say that thy reasonings overpower me in this matter! how shall I bear, added to all my sorrows, the grievous fears of declining life; blindness, deafness, unweildiness of body and mind, trembling and failure in speech; and the secret pride thus rebuked and laid low, that I will own has accompanied me

me through life under every opposing trial! and above all, how shall I endure the fear of sudden death by some dread accident! what may chance to my body after death, and all the fearful conflicts to be passed in the last hours of old age! I will reply to thy catalogue of terrors when I have set them in battle array before me as thou hast recounted them: and Blindness I perceive is thy first cause of dismay. I do indeed fear I shall be blind, my eyes do begin to fail me. — Then shalt thou not see the heavens and the earth! but to behold the Lord of heaven and earth ability is not taken from thee but rendered the clearer: thou shalt not see the woody vallies, the aerial mountains, the flourishing coasts, the shadowy caves, the silver springs, the crooked rivers, the green meadows, or the portraiture of man's visage, more beautiful than
all

all these! but if thou shalt not see things beautiful, so neither shalt thou behold things that are obnoxious to thy senses, that offend thy stomach, or that annoy thy mind; the jeers of the scornful, the knawings of the envious, the assumptions of the proud, or the deceit and sneers of the treacherous!

But to lose the brightest part of all the body!—That brightness has cast the soul of some into darkness: perchance the loss may call the spirit into light! as said Tuestas, God doth blindfold the face to turn light into the heart! But to see no outward light! Some men have been merry in blindness. Antipater the Philosopher being lamented by certain friendly women, for that he was blind: answered gaily: That sleep which ye
have

have at nights, seemeth it no pleasure unto you? briefly and wittily answered. For there are inward joys in the gloom of darkness; and inward griefs in the beams of light! Thy soul not thy eyes is to bring thee into Heaven; that will never be kept back or taken away by God! If therefore thou aimest at Heaven, join with Didimus, who being blind, and visited by the holy man Antonius, he told him to be of good comfort, and not to be moved in that he had lost his eyes; for they were common to flies, mice, and lizards, as well as to him: but to rejoice; in that those eyes which were common to him with the angels, were safe and sound: this saying was worthy to come from the scholar of a divine Teacher! But how can I pursue liberal studies? If thou dost seek for fame by
them,

them, behold Homer and Democritus, the one quick as a lynx is said to be without eyes ; the other plucking out his eyes that they might not hinder the sight of his soul !

I do not praise this, but the fact proves that the soul has been considered in superiority to the body: Diodorus the Blind applied both to philosophy and music, by books read to him; and which was more wonderful, to the practice of geometrical descriptions; and causing lines to be drawn by others men's hands, he discoursed on them by his own understanding.—Caius Drusus had no human eyes, but he had such skill in the civil laws that his house was every day full of troops of civilians: they could see better the way to the court than he could; but he
could

could see better how to carry away the cause. But the most famous of all that was ever renowned for blindness, was Appius Claudius who being both blind and old, gave counsel in every doubt, ruled the senate and governed the whole commonwealth. He did not as ye do; when you lose one sense cast away all the rest, and thy mind to boot, by giving way to sadness. But I cannot see to walk! Canst thou get none then to guide and direct thy steps? in the loss of human helps, doth not the blind beggar find a dog to befriend him; why wilt thou groan and grieve at that; which many have borne and improved. But no noble exploits can be done by the blind! Hast thou then forgot Sampson? hast thou not heard in the civil wars described by Lucan, what Tircchennus did upon the sea; or in thy own time,

time, how John King of Bohemia, son unto one King of the Romans, and father to another, in the war between the King of France, whose part he took, and the King of England; in that sharp conflict, in which both these princes were in person; understanding that his party began to give way, though very old and blind of both his eyes, he called unto his captain, with a raised voice, saying, direct me quickly toward that part of the army where the King of our enemies standeth, and the greatest force of his whole army which when they sorrowfully and fearfully had done, setting spur to his horse, he pushed thither with all his might, whither they that had eyes durst not follow him that was blind, not scarcely with their sight: and fighting violently and terribly against his enemies,

enemies, he was there slain after making a great slaughter, they that over-came him at last, standing amazed at his valour, and sounding his praise with peals of honour ! I would not have such a glorious fact perish in oblivion.

But not only my eyes but my ears also are beginning to fail me ! Then thou wilt have one passage for nonsense and for tediousness stopped. But all are weary of the deaf—so shalt thou escape the whispers of flatterers, the jeers of slanderers : and as Ulysses did, the song of the Syrens ! I own there is some discomfort attends deafness, but it has its advantages. Thou shalt not indeed hear the nightingales sweet moan ; the harps soft sound, nor the shrill trumpets clamour ! neither shalt thou hear the braying of
asses,

asses, the grunting of swine, the howling of wolves, the roaring of bears or lions, the barking of dogs, the crying of children, or which is worse, the chidings of relations! the extreme loud laughter of fools, their unmeasurable weepings and outcries against Providence, and the buz of their confused and blinded hopes! But to have dull ears deprives of all social converse: but not of talking with thy ancestors in books, and of hearing their answers; or I speak it gravely, of talking with God, and hearing him speak to thee; for he that prayeth speaketh to God: and he that readeth the books of divine philosophy in the Scriptures, heareth God speak to him: neither tongue nor ears are here necessary, only clean hands and a pure

X

heart!

heart! Though thou hearest not the
singing of men nor of birds, the melo-
dious pipe, or the merry organ; yet
mayst thou incline thine heart to hea-
venly songs; thou shalt not there hear
discord, but the sounds of peace will be
thine! How many souls weary of the first,
have sought in the silence of deserts, and
the shelter of caves, the quiet thou hast
with thee in every place, whithersoever
thou goest: learn like them to reject
noise and tumults, and to be delighted
with the silence that bars thee from
such invaders!

Add to this infirmity the heavy weight
that oppresses my body cannot be remov-
ed! Thou mightest complain of thy bulk
hadst thou been born to fly like a bird.
But I feel so unwieldy to myself: Thou
canst

canst not bend thyself indeed into a little compass; or slide down out of the top of the air by a rope: what matter is it? walk thou steadily with honest men, and let thy gait be modest as well as dignified.—I feel I am approaching to old age, that heavy time.—Heaviness is not its companion always either naturally or really; we see some young persons dull and heavy; and some old quick and nimble.—The weight of my body is exceeding great.—Though invisible, the weight of the mind is greater, set the one against the other and there shall be nothing heavy; exercise thy mind, drive away idleness, procure thyself business; be moderate in diet above all, and in sleep; sit little, and lie not long, walk much, and thou shalt be-

come the lighter. But I am also dull of mind.—This is something troublesome; but it may be helped: drink not too much wine, abstain from the passions that clog the soul; watch, contend, rise and stir up the strength of thy mind! apply to books, and banish vain pleasures; there is nothing so heavy but that earnest applying will lift it up; nothing so hard it will not soften; nothing so dull it will not sharpen; nothing so slow but it will quicken! provide for thyself what are provided for dull horses; reins and spurs: if a thing come not to pass immediately, some are for leaving it wholly; do thou not so, but labour as did Socrates and Demosthenes; see what they attained by industry: it is more glorious to be thus advanced, than by nature: if there be
any

any perfection to be so accounted of in this world, it is when the light of industrious learning is added to the virtue of an honest and a sober heart.

But I have a weak memory, it is too slender for such attainments. — Help it the more eagerly; use it as men do walls that are ready to fall down; make buttresses to it. — My memory is very slippery; bind it fast with diligence; diligence suffereth nothing to perish, nothing to be diminished: this preserveth the flourishing wit and style of philosophers and poets; this maintaineth the nervous voice of orators; this invigorates age and death! Solon being at the very point of death; as his friends sat talking round him, seemed in a man-

ner to rise from death to life:—Chrisippus finished in extreme old age that witty and profound volume which he began in youth:—Homer set forth his heavenly work in age:—Simonides at fourscore, with youthful fervency of mind, but with aged ripeness of discretion: and Socrates, in the ninety-fourth year of his age, wrote their wonderful works! Sophocles, the flower of all tragic writers, at near an hundred finished his famed Oedipus:—Cato, at fourscore and ten, with no change of voice or alteration of strength, or default of memory, both defended himself, and accused most famous orators in open judgment. Diligence did all that I have recorded; and diligence will do much for thee.—It will not make me eloquent.—It is but a few to whom that, belongeth;
and

and where found it is the more envied !
I am short of words also. — Apply thy
mind unto deeds, for in words there is
oft labour and sorrow ; but in good deeds
real felicity ! — I cannot speak : —
Many that know little take much upon
them ; set a fool on horseback and thou
shalt have much ado to get him down
again : there is as much judgment shewn
in silence as in speech : a good understand-
ing and a magnificent mind is oft shewn
by the former, in the lineaments of the
face, no less than by the latter in elo-
quence of words ; there is a more secret
and delicate pleasure in understand-
ing and expressing truly by gesture and
look, than by utterance. — I am ashamed
to speak what I feel before many : This
hath chanced to men of great estimation ;
what thou canst not speak before many,

Speak before a few, or in the presence of one only. — This private talk is very sweet: commune also with thyself; be thy own domestic companion, then thou shalt never lack an associate, one that will be always with thee; who will not loath thee; who will not lie in wait for thee; who will not mock thee; who will not envy thee; who will not look for exact or laborious eloquence from thee; who will be pleased with thy familiar talk, or contented if thou do hold thy peace: learn to build up a most honest theatre, a theatre in the midst of thy heart; rejoice there without noise, vain pomp, or fading glory! learn not to live for shew, not to speak for pride, but like Moses, possess the meekness, that under every impediment, will render thee eloquent in the sight of God! I possess not this
meek-

meekness; I feel that I am somewhat proud. — Earth and ashes proud! thou that art oppressed with so many defects, canst thou be proud? wert thou free from them all, and lifted up upon the wings of all other virtues, if that could be with pride, yet would the latter drive thee down to perdition! — By this fell he that was created in a most excellent estate, even Lucifer himself! and thinkest thou to arise being a sinner: having that, by which an angel fell! — Has not Homer said, the earth nourisheth nothing more wretched than a proud man. I would fain know which of these things that follow do most chiefly spur thee on to this wretched pride: whether the imbecillity of thy body, which is wearing away; the whole army of sicknesses that are besieging thee; the blindness of thy mind,

mind, which continually wavereth between vain hope and useleſs fear: the forgetfulneſs of that which is paſt; the uncertainty of that which is preſent; or the ignorance of that which is to come! the treachery of friends, the malice of enemies; the death of thoſe thou doſt love or art related to; flattering proſperity, or galling adverſity: by theſe ladders that go downward is it, ye aſcend unto pride? by theſe do ye riſe to ruin? Some ſins have a ſhadow of excuſe, but pride and envy no colour at all! — I am ſorry that I am proud. — To be ſorry for ſin is the firſt degree to ſalvation; and the very firſt to that humility that caſteth down the falſe banners of pride! When thou doſt begin to turn truly thine eyes on thyſelf pride ſhall ſurceaſe; thou ſhalt blow the retreat, and retire to thine enſigns:

ensigns: as touching this mischief, I will only say to thee therefore; that pride is a sickness of wretches and fools; for they must be such, that are proud; otherwise I am sure they would never be so: and thus is it written in the Book of Wisdom, that the proud of soul are foolish and miserable: and again, he that is a king to-day shall die to-morrow; and when a man dieth he shall have serpents, and beasts, and worms, for his inheritance! how foul a monster a proud man is can never be doubted, since he forsaketh him that made him; this is the beginning of all sin and the worst of all crimes; it is the falling from God and rejecting his mercy!—I dread dying before my time.—This is another folly! None dieth before his time! it might be true

if

if thou didst owe thy death only at a certain time, which the proudest cannot maintain; the good and pure owe it every day, and therefore look it should be called for; and have always in readiness that they owe; and they gave thanks, inasmuch as for the payment of this debt they need no great intreating, no great riches, no pawn, no usury of their own; which were the last words the valiant unknown Spartan is reported to have said when he was led to execution, to satisfy the laws of Lycurgus.—The time of life is too short. — Art thou the judge of time? seek after that which will be longer than any time!—In the midst of my endeavour to do good I shall die. — This is thy fault, who dost begin only to weave the web of thy life when the

scissras

scissars begin to cut it off! this happeneth unto many who thinketh himself nature's white son! or to be plainer, that they are beyond accident.—I dread death in every shape! I fear least I should be murdered in the way! that an enemy should kill me by poison: I fear I may die by fire; or by the slow gnawing of worms; or by the sudden overwhelming of water as I sail in my pleasure boat, or on the sea, or on accusation that I should suffer, or that I fall down dead as I walk: all these fears encompass me at different times and bring me to grief.—The man who thus fears always; shall never want dismaying shadows, and horrible visions! if the strength of life be taken away, what great matter whether it be by an ague or by the sword? whether the body do open alone, or be broke open.

Some

Some have thanked their murderers ; and the Prince of Peace prayed for their souls ! Wouldst thou have been Euripides, to have been torn to pieces by dogs ? or like Lucretius point at thy own breast ; or be devoured by mice as a great personage experienced ; but thou fearest to be burnt by fire ! Some philosophers have supposed the soul to be composed of fire, if so, that death must be the easiest that appertains to its own element ! and thy body being thus delivered from the worms will not corrupt.

But thou also fearest being overwhelmed in water : then dost thou grudge the fishes who have so often feasted thee, the return they may claim : and thyself a place of burial, large, clear, and magnificent ! and though many are
per-

persuaded that to be drowned in water, being contrary to the etherial and burning spirit of the soul, must needs be miserable ; yet I rather like well the answer of a certain failor, of whom, when on a time, one demanded where his father died ? he answered, upon the sea : and where his grand-father, and great grand-father, and great, great grand-father ? on the sea all, he replied : and art thou then not afraid to go to sea ? The failor cunningly answered, I pray thee tell me also where thy father, and his father, and great father, and great father, to him, died ? Even he, said the questioner, and the other, and all my ancestors died in their beds : the failor answered quickly, art thou not afraid then to go into thy bed ! Trimly answered, failor like and even more ; for no good
man

man dieth evil, nor no evil man well.—
It is not the attendance and waiting of
servants and officers assembled round the
body, the rich garments that cover it;
the spoils of the enemy, nor the shields
and swords turned down, and dragged
after; nor the whole family mourning
for their master, nor the howlings of the
multitude, nor the wife drenched in
tears, nor the children dissolved in for-
row; nor the chief mourner holding
down his head, and walking before
the corpse with bedewed face; nor the
preacher's oratory on the dead; nor the
golden images and pictures on the se-
pulchre; nor the titles given him which
being engraven in marble shall live only
till death consume the stones themselves:
it is not these that maketh the death
honest! neither the outward prepara-
tion

tion for execution ; the trumpets, the terrible looks of the hangman and tormenters ; nor the whips, gallows, wheels, carts with wild horses to tear the body asunder ; neither fire nor faggot ; gridirons set upon glowing coals ; cauldrons of sweating with hot scalding oil ; the sharp teeth of wild beasts whittened with hunger ; nor the hooks and engines to drag the mangled carcases, can render death shameful if innocence goes along with it ! All these are the shadows but not the things : virtue that can look death in the face feareth neither sword, nor axe, nor halter, nor poisoned cups, nor the executioner dropping with gore ! these are the furniture and ensigns only, and great souls have viewed them calmly, but to drop all other : that most excellent light of heaven and

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of

of earth! so suffered, to the end that no condition or state of man whatsoever should be judged reproachful with innocence to guard it! And forasmuch as there is none higher than the Highest in this example I to this point make an end: virtue alone is able to make any kind of death honest, and there is no death that can blemish virtue! Say that I could compose my fears of sudden death, which I cannot find myself able to do; I never could bear the idea of being thrown forth unburied. In some of the cases I have answered, thou couldest not be so exposed; but where thou mightest be subject to this supposed disgrace, provide one to guard thee, or a staff laid by thee to drive them away that may assail thee. Thou dost jest at my misery, for truly I shall feel nothing!

Why

Why then dost thou fear that which thou shalt not feel? and knowest thou not the saying, him heaven hides that hath none other grave; and that also, to lack a grave is a slender loss indeed! Surely it is a woeful thing to lie unburied! Believe me it is much more tolerable to be turned out of a grave, or prevented going into one, than out of a bed. But what a wretched fight!—Wretched perhaps to others, but nothing at all unto thee: the learned have agreed that all manner of burial was devised not so much for the sake of the dead, as for the living, which the outward shew of tombs and graves doth prove: being within side evil favoured and horrible, enclosing their tenant, within rough and rude rubbish; but on the outside, are wrought with great cunning

and cost, where the workmen for the most part deck them forth to the view with carved pictures of marble, and statues of gold, and arms beautifully depicted!—I shall lie unburied, a loathsome sight to behold. — Let them look to that who look on thee; thou shalt not see this loathsomeness: Pompey the Great, as worthy a personage as he was, lay unburied, or rather lay not still, but was tossed about with the surging waves: neither was Marcus Crassus interred:—and was Cæsar the more happy or fortunate because he was set up to be seen, upon the head of a most lofty and beautiful colossus, overlooking the tops of the highest churches and steeples; so that I may truly say, the stone is beautified by him, but he no whit the happier: were it otherwise, and that a grave
or

or tomb made a man fortunate, Mausolus, we may suppose, would be the most fortunate of all men. Cyrus, that was king of Persia, lay unburied; neither that, nor yet his Scythian bottle were any reproach; that fell on the cruel and savage men that so treated him. But why do I gather together so many single bodies lying uninterred, while so many foreign kings and Roman emperors were bereaved not only of the wished solemnity of burial, and the vain honours of sepulchral rites, but torn, and plucked, and thrown about in pieces to animals, and to the fowls of the air!—So that a man might judge it an envious matter to lay still with an whole carcase; and seeing also, that those who are conversant with the memory of times will see such massacres of men and of nations,

that he may be led to cry out, here is the whole world unburied! for with king Cyrus, of whom I spoke, there were two hundred thousand Persians slain:—with Crassus, sixteen most valiant legions:—at the overthrow of Canæ, four score and five thousand citizens of Rome and their confederates: six and fifty thousand Carthaginians, Spaniards, Ligurians, and Frenchmen, at the river Metaurus: and again, at Aquas Sextas, not far from the Alps, two hundred thousand Germans, Marius being general, in both places.

Moreover, at Philippi, the aids of all confederate kings and nations, and the flower and strength of the Italian youth; wanting the honour of burial made fat the Aemonian fields, and luxuriantly feasted
the

the wild beasts and the carrion crows !
 shall I pass over the Carthaginian fleet,
 utterly destroyed at the Egate Islands, or
 the Massilian navy at their very havens
 mouth, and within sight of their faith-
 ful country ; or the Athenian power
 drowned before the city of Syracuse ! —
 I pass Salamis and Marathon, I pass
 the conflicts of the Hebrews and the
 Scythians, of the Arabians, Parthians,
 and Medes ! I fly over the conquests and
 slaughters of Alexander king of Mace-
 don made in the East among the naked,
 unarmed, harmless people there ! I speak
 nothing of plagues, woeful to hear of,
 where many dearly-beloved bodies were
 pitifully defaced and made away with ;
 neither of the incursions of wild beasts,
 whose sudden invasions have produced

the same, and fastened on kindred and people with remorseless rage! nor of tempests, nor of shipwrecks; and as to those that have perished by the fire of public incendiaries, or from the private accidents of ravaging flames through carelessness or malice! No man will say they had need of any grave! — I omit civil furies and outrages; domestic broils and contentions, ending in slaughter:—neither stand I on the ruin of cities and towns, as Troy, Jerusalem, Carthage, Corinth, Numantia, and Saguntum:—where the most part of the citizens being overthrown with the fall of walls and buildings, were crushed and buried within them! and last of all, I slip over earthquakes, by which the whole earth itself, as it were, became to them the place of sepulchre, which both of old
time

time and of late days have dismayed and terrified with their sudden destruction: and in Asia twelve cities were thus devoured among many in other places.

These awful and various matters have I recited to thee to take away thy single ridiculous fear, who seemeth to me to fear the loss of a grave more than the loss of life; and takest grievously to heart, that thy poor body should want that, which it is manifest, so many gallant men, so many valiant warriors, so many worthy thousands, so many holy faints, have been deprived of! — What will become of my dear, my tender body? — What is become of the parings of thy nails, and clippings of thy hair, and the blood that was let out of thy veins for some fever or other disease, and the skin that may
have

have peeled off from thy outward rind, or the change of the internal parts of thy body which are never the same for any length of time, as the wise examiner will tell thee! Hast thou forgotten the answer of Theodorus in Tully, whom Lyfimachus threatened to hang up:— with the sound of these terrible things quoth he, dismay thy gorgeous courtiers, as for Theodorus, he careth not whether he rot aloft; or upon the ground! if not in, the bosom of the earth, she shall entertain thee on her face, where the grafs shall cloathe, the flowers deck thee, and smile at such a guest; the rain moisten, the frost combine, the sun warm, the wind fan thee! and perhaps this is a more natural meane whereby the body, which is formed of the four elements

elements, may be resolved into them again. — I have horror at laying unburied !—There have been those who have thought it an horrible matter to be covered with earth, and a very fair death to be consumed with fire : to die by wild beasts some have deemed most honourable ; so that it is clear, all lieth in opinion : customs on this point having so varied ; one lieth under a clod, another is pressed with a rough stone, another bathed in the water, or soaked in the salt sea ; some fitter to and fro in the wind, and some are stuffed full of spices and perfumed with odours, and cloathed with purple ; but even they shall fall to dust. — I cannot rid me of this fear of lying unburied on the cold earth ! I do suppose from thy repeated clamour

on

on this point, thou dost sway to a fabulous error, and thinketh that the souls of them that lie unburied do wander an hundred years about the Stygian lake; which stories truly might sort with little children, or the superstition of heathen ignorance, but which a sound knowledge and a christian belief must certainly reject: but perhaps thou wishest not to die at once, or to lay safely on the lap of thy mother earth, but to sustain a long and tedious sickness: thou dost not choose a clear exit, with none to trouble thee, and a certain assurance that thy breath is fairly departed out of thy body, but preferrest rather thy own weariness and that of those gathered round thee, careful for themselves and careless of thee! or peradventure, as hath happened to many, thy pillow's caught from thy
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sinking head, and thyself sent packing and hastily closed up, with the life's blood yet moving within thee! — How many thinkest thou have thus gaped after the burial, and flocked about the dying, so to pluck him away, under colour of good will! — O the needless and vain cares of men! their fond and short-sighted fears, their weak and senseless complaints; hadst thou any wishes to be useful in death or in burial I would commend thee! this is the whole purpose of living and dying! I would commend thee if thou didst fear to die, so as to give pain to affection, and weariness to the aching heart, tenderly watching thy bed, and softening thy last agonies with the firm support of exerted compassion! or I would commend thee if thou didst fear thy body should be laid within the
walls

walls of some sacred temple, polluting the air of holy confession, and injuring the living vainly to aggrandize the dead!—But thy cares are little for others, they are centered wholly in thyself! and if the order of Providence went with thee, that sublime passage would be reversed; no man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself!—Ah me! I do indeed fear death in every shape, and old age above all, as the forerunner of all distress! — Old age, the fearful mark of the wicked, and the downfall of the proud, neither shaketh nor shattereth the virtuous mind, for in the bosom of the just there are pleasures more precious in age than any delights of youth!

Can the wrinkles that furrow the face bring pleasure? Yea verily, for those

those that seek for trustiness, for constancy, for wisdom! do hope more assuredly to find them among these wrinkles than where the forehead and the cheeks be plain, and smooth, and soft. But the sweetest part of life is left behind in age? Nay surely the fourest, if ignorance, disappointment, impertinence, guilt, and sickness; are not wrongly named. But say that youth is virtuous! A rare thing so beset with dangers; even then youth cannot but be always subject to danger and error, seeing it knoweth not the high road to life!—As to days and years, they are all good, both young and old; for the Creator of all is good: and though in nature some be hot, some cold, some dry, some moist, some cloudy, some clear, some troublesome, and some calm; yet in respect

spect to the beauty of the whole world they are all good, and such is the case of human life. O that one could be twice young, and only once old in this life!—Thou wilt be only once old, and for ever young if thou wilt! for thy youth shall be renewed as it were the youth of an eagle, and old age is the joyful ambassador of this renewal! Ah, why doth pleasant youth so soon pass away? For the intermediate space to find room; that age may come on with the dignity it meriteth! and that none may complain, when the end of all complaint is at hand! the varied journey closed, and the shifting comedy ended; thou shouldest clap thy hands for joy, and cry plaudit! An ancient and ridiculous man in Rome, being commanded by his prince to surcease from labour on
account

account of his great age and riches put on mourning for himself and made his family mourn for him as dead, grieving most sadly that he could no longer fret and toil: the rest so seemly, disdained this carking old man, when his years ought to have been a pattern of quietness and tranquillity: for this is the sweetness of age! But old age is surely a four time! Say rather it is a ripe time: if apples could feel and speak, would they complain of their ripeness and perfection? As in all other things so in age: there is this ripeness which is termed old age, while the agedness and death of young men is called bitter, and is oft bitter, indeed! Contrary to which is the ripeness which belongeth to man, and as the corn, fitteth him for the sickle of the

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mower.

mower. He is called death but he is properly the beginning of life! Those that are wrecked, and drowned, and sacrificed young, may ignorantly call it a hard end: I should rather think a hard end of life! but to voyage in the gentle gale of old age, smoothly to sail into the divine port of security; surely this cannot be called hard, but by the wretchedly ungrateful! to blame such a calm and pleasant shore, given thee, on which to moor thy used bark, is indeed to blame the most gracious mother of peace and rest!

But suppose the agonizing gout my portion! I promised thee remedies for the mind, not for the body: if procured thee by folly it will give thee time to sorrow justly, and to practice the heavenly virtue

virtue of patience. But say, that sleep is broken by age! When Augustus could not sleep he had some to read or tell him histories—all things are to be remedied by a good mind. But to live to observe evil manners in all around me! Art thou obliged so to care for the lives of others as to lose all comfort in thy own? Who can abide in age deceitful, uncivil, contemptuous and unruly minds? Wouldst thou vex another man who was sick or worse appalled than thee? wouldst thou not try rather to cure or to cloath him? But the envious cannot be cured: leave them to themselves then: they need no other tormentor, if torment will cure them, than that of consuming envy! But noises and cries are very unpleasant to bear in old age: then make much of

the woods, and repair to the still village;
 but even there I fear for thee, some
 barking cur, or peradventure the sweet-
 ly moaning nightingale with her tender
 complaints may annoy thee! or the owl
 setting in the next lone turret: for such
 an one did disquiet Augustus, and cared
 not for his being lord of the world!—
 Nay the mice who were bred in the
 chamber where thou lieth, and who
 complain perhaps of thee more justly for
 invading their native soil! Shall I dis-
 cend to speak of flies and of fleas: for
 verily a mind prone to be disturbed will
 never want cause of trouble from the
 smallest things: and so much lieth in
 opinion, that these follies may well be
 laughed at. Some complain of heat,
 others of cold; some of weariness, others
 of

of rest; some of winds, others of stagnated air. A story went of a father and son who were condemned to be boiled to death in a cauldron, for treason!—Now when they were both put naked and bound into the cold water, the young man began to quake and chatter for cold; but when the water began to be hot then did he lament most grievously: but the old man, with a countenance unmoved in both, looking at him with a stern visage—thou son of a vile mother, said he, canst thou abide neither cold nor heat? Thus do ye curse the summer sun like the Atlanti; and in the winter season ye worship the fire as the Chaldee! Alexander could neither bear prosperity nor adversity, cold nor heat; but was said to be most im-

patient of heat, agreeable to his turbulent temper.

Many fear thunderings and lightnings, which being the weapons of the Almighty are to be revered; for he thundereth in heaven that men may well live on earth, and his earthquakes are awful! from them no sleights can serve, no lurking places prevail! and yet even that is only death, and therefore not to be feared! no not even the plague, that moweth down of whole cities;—nothing indeed is worthy of sadness; for sadness itself is worse than death!—All troubles of the body, blindness, tooth-ache, that gnawing fore, where the small bones do begin to fail; and tell man his little trust in his softer and more pliable

ble

ble stomach: deafness, weight of limbs, the shivering ague, the tormenting and fatal cholic; naturally, or by poison;—nay, death in every shape, either more violent or more slow: sickness in every shape; leaving many children behind or none; a faithful wife, and fame so precious and desired: all, all are nothing in comparison of grief and fear, no not even insanity itself; for insanity knows not its dismay; and dies an innocent!—Clouds and brightneffes, both in the natural and moral world follow each other: the diversity of the earth followeth the diversity of heaven; there is not one drop of water falleth on the earth, more or less than is expedient; and so of moral events; whoso knoweth causes shall never bewail effects: the ignorant may

groan and lament; but as in prosperity I have told thee there is matter for true humility and grateful moderation; so in what men call adversity, is there no less reason for hope and triumph: flow and lengthened griefs bring repentance and virtue; vehement and short trials everlasting rest! — Rejoice therefore, O man! in the true sum of all reflection, that you are made in the image of God, which is the soul within you: then rejoice for your memory; for speech, for so many inventions, so many arts attending upon that soul; for so many necessities of the body engaging to industry and all virtue, the singular benefit and providence of God; for so many sundry and beautiful shews of divers things for your delight, the virtues of roots, the juice of herbs,

herbs, the pleasant variety of flowers; the great concord of smells and tastes, and of sounds rising out of contraries; so many living creatures in the air, upon the land, and in the sea: add hereto the prospect of the hills, the openness of the vallies, the sweet shady woods, the cold and bracing mountains, the warm shores, the wholesome streams of water and cool fountains, the spacious lakes, and the wide seas within and round about the earth; ponds in its bottoms, and rivers falling down headlong from the tops of hills with their brinks, and heaths of flowers, the green meadows, those bedchambers of the shores that coast them, and the foaming rocks, rising as it were in fundry parts from old Ocean's bed! nor will we pass the
moist

356 BLESSINGS OF LIFE AND DEATH.

moist caves, the fields yellow with corn, the budding vineyards, the social joys and commodities of cities, the sweet stillness of the country, and range the liberty of forests; the starry firmament, in which is fastened the fixed stars, and those wandering lights, the planets, which produce the fruits of the earth, the strength of life, and the variety of seasons to gladden it! But above all, the hope of rising from death, to have the body quickened again; made lively, bright, shining, and impassable in glory and majesty, and like unto the tall and spreading trees that grow from dirty roots, yet cover the green fields with their expanding branches, and the corn springing from corrupt manure; so shall ye be cleansed on the floor of the Most High!

High! so shall ye pass from these delights and the trials kindly mixed with them, to those joys that are ineffable and everlasting: these I deferred recording, till the end; so great are they as to fill up the sum of love, and leave no room for a single complaint! what could man wish, what God bestow beyond the education of life, and the rewards of mercy! to be honourable in old age, cheered on his passage, and transported to eternity!

Thus is life the school of experience, the field of repentance, and the passport to glory! when the king calls, march willingly, rise up and depart valiantly; lie not down to receive his message, it is good to pass on to your destination in a seemly and ready fort, and calling upon
his

his holy name with blessing for your advancement ! he is loving, gentle, and merciful ! he will hear you, he will embrace your fleeting soul with the arms of love, convey it to the mansions of concord and to the spirits of the just ! and then say, O man, when thou lookest through the chink of heaven to earth, if so thou art permitted, say truly, have the living dying cause to complain ! have they not all set before them both in sum and in substance for good ; is not God the God of love ! is not heaven open to all ! and are not purified souls collecting before the throne of God, from the heavenly regions, and the sublunary world's, a multitude that no man can number, under Christ their shepherd ! where to trace the stupendous works of creating wisdom,

wisdom, to adore the wondrous grace of renovating power, and to found the tender mercies of everlasting love! is the divine employment of re-united souls, the transporting chorus of saints of angels, and of the celestial host for ever!

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